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Winter

To V. G.

By Edith Sitwell

DAGOBERT lay in front of the fire . . .
Each thin flame seemed a feathery spire

Of the grasses that like goslings quack
On the castle walls: " Bring Gargotte back; "

But Gargotte the goose-girl, bright as hail,
Has faded into a fairy-tale.

The kings and queens on the nursery wall
Seem chain-armoured fish in the moat, and all

The frost-flowers upon the window-panes,
Grown fertilate from the fire's gold grains,

Ripen to gold-freckled strawberries,
Raspberries, glassy-pale gooseberries

(We never could touch them, early or late,
They would chill our hands like the touch of Fate).

But Anne was five years old and must know
Reality; in the goose-soft snow

She was made to walk with her three tall aunts
Drooping beneath the snow's cold plants.

They dread the hour when with book and bell
Their mother, the old fell Countess of L——

Is disrobed of her wig and embalmed for the night's
Sweet mummified dark; her invective affrights

The maids till you hear them scamper like mice
In the wainscotting,—trembling, neat and nice.

Each clustered bouquet of the snows is
Like stephanotis and white roses;

The muted airs sing Palestrina
In trees like monstrances, grown leaner

Than she is; the unripe snow falls
Like little tunes on the virginals

Whose sound is bright, unripe and sour
As small fruits fall'n before their hour.

The Countess sits and plays fantan
Beneath the portrait of great Queen Anne

(Who sleeps beneath the strawberry bed)
And all her maids have scampered, fled.

The shuffled cards like the tail of a bird
Unfolding its shining plumes are heard . . .

The maid in her powder-closet soon
Beneath the fire of the calm full moon

Whose sparkles, rubies, sapphires spill
For her upon the window-sill

Will nod her head, grown sleepy, I wis,
As Alaciel or Semiramis,

Pasiphæ or the Lady Isis,—
Embalmed in the precious airs like spices.

But her ladyship stamps with her stick . . . " Grown cold
Are my small feet, from my chilly gold—

Unwarmed by buds of the lamb's wool . . . Go
And gather for me the soft polar snow

To line with that silver chilly-sweet
The little slippers upon my feet,—

With snow clear-petalled as lemon blossom—
Crystal-clear,—perfumed as Venus' bosom.

* * * * * *

Can this be Eternity?—snow peach-cold,
Sleeping and rising and growing old

While she lies embalmed in the fire's gold sheen
Like a cross wasp in a ripe nectarine,

And the golden seed of the fire droops dead
And ripens not in the heart or head.

Spring

By Edith Sitwell

When Spring begins, the maids in flocks
Walk in soft fields, and their sheepskin locks

Fall shadowless, soft as music, round
Their jonquil eyelids, and reach the ground.

Where the small fruit-buds begin to harden
Into sweet tunes in the palace garden

They peck at the fruit-buds' hairy herds
With their lips like the gentle bills of birds.

* * * * * *

But King Midas heard the swan-bosomed sky
Say " All is surface and so must die."

And he said " It is spring; I will have a feast
To woo eternity; for my least

Palace is like a berg of ice;
And the spring winds for birds of paradise

With the leaping goat-footed waterfalls cold
Shall be served for me on a dish of gold

By a maiden fair as an almond tree;
With hair like the waterfalls' goat locks; she

Has lips like that jangling harsh pink rain,
The flower-bells that spirt on the trees again."

In Midas' garden the simple flowers
Laugh, and the tulips are bright as the showers,

For spring is here; the auriculas
And the Emily-coloured primulas

Bob in their pinafores on the grass
As they watch the gardener's daughter pass.

Then King Midas said " At last I feel
Eternity conquered beneath my heel

Like the glittering snake of Paradise—
And you are my Eve! "—but the maiden flies

Like the leaping goat-footed waterfalls
Singing their cold forlorn madrigals.

The Missel-Thrush

By John Helston

I HEARD by night the missel-thrush,
A storm-cock of the combe,
In downlands where the dark cries hush
Through trees of ancient gloom,
When a new moon of winter gales
Makes heaven's offing shine
For startled hollows, as she sails—
The thirteenth of her line.

There the pale singer of the flood,
From out his valleyed shade,
Sings of wild branches in his blood
December storms allayed,—
Wild branches wilder skies appease
With broken light to lend
Like a new moon ashine in seas
Where time shall sink and end.

Sonnet

By Nancy Cunard

THE sand is scored with print of unknown feet
Where seas are hollow, tenanted by sound;
The air is empty save where two wings beat
In fruitless journeying—deep underground
Brood the eternal things, but in the street
No whisper comes of these, no word is found.
See now these berries dark upon a hedge,
Hard as black withered blood drawn long ago
Whose pain is frozen dry; a cloudy edge
Joins heaven to the fields, pale lapwings go
Whining above the heath, and floods are out
Over the meadows clasped in frigid lace
Of wintry avenues, ringed and fenced about—
Your life was a place like this, just such a place.

Makar Chudra*

By Maxim Gorki

A WET and chilly wind carried across the Steppes the melancholy murmur of the waves that beat against the shore and oozed in and out of the low herbage that fronted all the sealine. Occasionally the wind drove before it a shower of dead and yellowed leaves that fluttered into the camp fire and fanned its flames for a moment, whereupon a sort of almost physical shudder crept over all the darkness that enveloped us, a shudder accompanied with sufficient light to show us to the left the endless Steppes, and to the right the infinite and unending ocean, against the background of which crouched the figure of Makar Chudra, an old gipsy who had been set to watch over the horses of the camp which lay but fifty or sixty yards away from us.

He seemed utterly unconscious of the coldness or strength of the wind that beat against us and tore open his grey cloak, tearing and lashing cruelly at his naked and hairy chest. Now and then he would turn towards me his naked throat and handsome old face, whilst all the time he puffed thoughtfully at his big pipe, blowing clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils. His motionless eyes were fixed beyond me on the darkness that enveloped the limitless silences and tragedy of the Steppes. So he lay and talked to me without interruption, making no effort whatsoever to shield himself from the wind or the occasional gusts of rain that accompanied it.

"And so you are coming in with us? That's fine! You have chosen a splendid course, Falcon. We all have to meet our fate. Go about everywhere you can, and when you have seen all there is to see lie down and die—and that's all!

"Life! Other people?" he continued. "H'm! What affair is it of yours? Are you not then yourself but a little slice of life, a tiny lentil, if you will, in so great a

* Translated by J. Sutton-Paterson.

soup? And as for all these other people, they have been living without you and surely they will continue to do so. Do you fancy anybody needs you? You're neither bread nor a staff, why then should anyone need you of all things on earth?

" To learn and to teach, you say? Can you ever learn how to make people happy? No, you can't. You will only become grey after all, and then you will say that it is your life's duty to teach other people. Yes, that of course is very fine, but what are you going to teach them? The people already know all they need. The wise take everything—the fool gets nothing, and so everybody manages to learn for himself. . . .

" Human beings are most ridiculous, crowding themselves into one single ruck and sweating the life out of each other when there is so much room in all the world "—he extended his arm along the wide Steppes—" and they are for ever working. What for? For whom? Nobody knows. You behold a man at his plough and you imagine to yourself: First he throws away all his good strength tilling the silly earth by the sweat of his brow, and then he stretches his own corpse in it until he is utterly rotted away. Nothing according to this plan remains of him. He does not reap his own sowing, but dies as he has lived —a blockhead.

" Can it be that he is born for this—to dig in the earth and then to die even before he has had time to prepare his own grave? Has he known freedom? Does he understand all the great and incredible width of the Steppes, the multitudinous murmur of the sea? Is his heart ever gladdened by that sound? H'm! I doubt it—from the very moment of his birth he is a slave and nothing more, for that is his accepted capacity, and so he lives until eventually he dies a slave also. In all his life there is nothing he can do to help himself except to put a rope around his neck, if he ever becomes wise enough for that.

" But as for me—look carefully at me, will you?—I have seen so much in my fifty-odd years that were I to write it down on paper it would fill more than a thousand sacks like the one you've got there. Yes, my friend, and even then there would be some left over, I assure you. I tell you seriously, I'd like you to show me the country to

which I have never been. Why you, poet though you are, haven't heard of all the places I've been to. That's the way to live—wandering, wandering—staying only a very little while in each place, then off. Why not? Just as the day and the night are for ever on the go, hunting each other round the earth, I would counsel you to be eternally on the move, away from your foolish thoughts about life, if you don't want to get sick of them. For the more you dream and think about life the less you like it, that's how it always happens. I, too, have had the same experience. Yes, my good Falcon, I've lived through all those miserable hours myself.

" I have been in jail; it was in Galicia, and I had plenty of time to philosophise there, I warrant you. ' What am I in this world for? ' I used to ask myself. I would get these thoughts into my head just to break the devilish monotony—for it certainly was monotonous there, in all truth! At such moments my heart was oppressed with longing and terrible grief when I looked through the prison bars at the open countryside and the fields beyond it all. Yes—my heart was squeezed and pressed as in a vice. . . . Yes, Falcon, we live in this world and that is very simply all. Who knows why? Nobody. That is exactly so, I assure you, and after all it is utterly useless to ask. Live and live fully; keep wandering and look about you on all sides, and then you will never long for that which you haven't got, never. At that time I could have strangled myself with my girdle. Yes, Falcon, you see I've been through it all.

" H'm! Once I spoke to a fellow . . . He was a stern man—one of you, a Russian. He said, ' You ought to live not as you yourself like, but as God has ordained. Only abase yourself at God's feet and he will give you everything you need or ask him for.' And yet this fool himself wore an old suit that was full of tears and great holes. I recommended him to get a new suit with his prayers, whereupon he grew very angry and drove me away with curses. Up to that day he had been preaching forgiveness and love. Therefore, should not he have forgiven me when I offended his pride? There's a teacher for you —they teach you to eat less and they themselves eat ten times a day. Tcha! "

He spat into the fire and became silent, slowly filling his pipe once more. The wind had died down to a soft melancholy wail, the horses stamped and neighed in the darkness, and from some part of the camp floated the sad and beautiful tones of a dirge. The singer was the beautiful Nonka, the daughter of Makar. I recognised the full, round tones of her voice that was always so wonderfully full of subdued longing and dissatisfaction—whether she was singing one of those old songs of the Steppes or merely saying " Good morning ! " In her brown, lustreless features you could see the smouldering hauteur of a queen, and her deep and dreaming eyes that were always veiled with the shadow of sadness possessed the power of her charm and the irresistible strength of her almost uncanny attractiveness, together with her vast contempt for all that was not beautiful like herself.

Makar handed the pipe to me.

" Have a smoke ! Doesn't the girl sing well? What do you think, hey? How would you like to be loved by a girl like that? You wouldn't? That's fine ! You are perfectly correct. Put no trust in women—keep away from them all. To kiss a girl is better and far pleasanter than to smoke my pipe . . . but once you have kissed a woman all that freedom of yours is dead, both your own personal freedom and, what is even more important, the freedom of your heart. You see, my little friend, a woman binds you to her with bonds that can neither be seen nor torn asunder. You give all your soul away and get nothing, not even a rouble, in return. Take my good advice, beware of women. They are always lying, the snakes. . . . ' I love you more than anything else in all the world,' she says. And yet if you but prick her accidentally with a pin, she is ready to tear your very heart out. I know; God, how well I know ! If you listen to me, Falcon, I'll tell you a story. Yes, listen, but, above all, be on your guard so that you may flutter as a free bird all your life.

" There was once upon a time a young gipsy whom men called Zobar, Loyko Zobar. All Hungary and Bohemia and Slavonia together with all the border countries knew him, for in many ways he was a brave lad. There was not a village in the entire land in which there were not at least a dozen people who had sworn a solemn

oath to kill him and so be rid of Loyko for good and all. Yet he lived on quite happily. If ever he took a fancy to a horse, he would gallop away with it, even if they had set an army of Cossacks to watch over the beast. H'm, he feared neither God nor man. And if Satan himself were to array all his hellish troops against him, he would be quite willing and ready to oppose them single-handed, and I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that eventually old Satan's jaw would feel the heavy touch of Zobar's mighty fist.

" And every gipsy knew him also, either by sight or by hearsay. He loved only horses, nothing else, and even these he loved only for a while. One gallop and he was done with them. Yes, that was the sort of man he was, and the money that he got for selling them anybody who cared might have most willingly. In all his life he had nothing that he was not willing to share with another. Nay, if you had asked him for the very heart out of his breast he would have torn it out for the mere pleasure of being able to do you a favour. He was a man, you see, Falcon.

" You know my Nonka, don't you? Isn't she a queen of a girl? But Radda must not be compared with her, for that would be doing too great an honour to Nonka. Listen, then I will tell you about this Radda. Our band was at that time wandering through Bukowina—it was about ten years ago. Once in the springtime—I remember it as though it happened yesterday—we were resting, myself, Danila, the soldier who had fought with Kossuth, old Nur, and all the others. Radda, Danila's daughter, was along with us too.

" Words cannot describe this Radda. It might be possible perhaps to express all her loveliness by means of a violin, but he alone could do it who knows the violin as he would his own soul.

" Many a brave young heart did she ruin, God, how many! Once a rich old man beheld her. When his glance fell upon her he stopped as if suddenly paralysed. He sat upon his horse and gazed at her, trembling as if he had a great fever. Ah, yes, and he was handsome as the devil on a holiday, this old man; his mantle was embroidered with gold, and each time that the horse stamped with his hoofs, the sabre flashed like lightning at his side.

. . . The entire sabre was inlaid with precious stones and the bright blue velvet of his cap was beautiful like a little piece of the summer sky . . . a mighty nobleman he must certainly have been to be so marvellously dressed and accoutred. For a few minutes he gazed and gazed upon Radda, and then at last he said to her: ' Give me a kiss and I will give you a purse full of red gold in return! ' She merely turned away—that was all. ' Pardon me,' he called to her, ' even if I have offended you by offering you gold for your little mouth, you will at least favour me with a smile, won't you? ' Thus did he humble his pride, flinging a great purse of money at her feet whilst he said it. Yes—a great big purse, brother! But Radda merely kicked it with her foot into the road—that was all.

" ' Aha! is that the kind of girl you are? ' muttered the nobleman, and, whipping up his horse, soon nothing remained of him but a distant cloud of dust.

" The next day he came again. ' Who is her father? ' he cried in a loud voice that resounded throughout all the camp. Danila came. ' Sell me your daughter and set your own price! ' But Danila replied: ' This is a custom only amongst gentlemen; they sell everything, from their pigs down to their conscience. But I have fought under Kossuth, and I will not sell anything! ' The nobleman flew into a rage and grasped the hilt of his sabre, but just at that moment one of us stuck a burning match into the ear of his horse, and the beast rushed away with its rider. . . . We broke up the camp and wandered on. We wandered for two days, and yet he overtook us! ' Hey, you folks,' he said. ' Before you and before God my conscience is clear. Give me this girl for my wife and I will share everything with you. I am a rich man, as you can all see.' He was quivering with excitement and swayed in the saddle as a blade of grass does in the wind.

" ' Well, my daughter, speak,' mumbled Danila into his beard.

" ' If the daughter of an eagle were to fly of her own free will into a nest of crows, what would she become then? ' asked Radda.

" Danila laughed and we all laughed with him.

" ' Well spoken, little daughter! Have you heard,

your honour? It can't be done! You had better look for a little dove—they are more submissive.'

" And we went on. The nobleman took his cap, threw it on the ground, and then rode madly away. Yes, little brother, he galloped so fast that the very earth shook beneath him as he went. That's the kind of girl she was, Falcon.

" Yes, and one evening we were sitting and listening. Music came across the Steppes, and above everything it was very wonderful music. It set the blood in our veins afire and seemed to be calling us somewhere, to some strange and wonderful place of which we had all dreamt, but to where none of us had ever been. And so we, every one of us, felt that it made us wish either to die on else to live and become the ruler of the whole great world. Yes, that's the kind of music it was, Falcon.

" Slowly it came nearer and nearer. Suddenly a horse steps out of the darkness, and on its back is a man who is playing on a fiddle. When he reached the camp fire he stopped playing, looked carefully at us all, and then smiled.

" ' Ah, Zobar, it is you! ' cried Danila joyously.

" That, then, was Loyko Zobar! He sat there as a king might have done, his eyes glittered as bright stars and the very sun was mirrored in his laughter, so help me God! To all of us he looked like some wonderful image chiselled out of one piece, both he and his horse. In the light of the glowing logs he seemed to be entirely bathed in blood, and his white teeth shone and glinted when he laughed at us all. May the Gods curse me if even I did not fall in love with him as he sat there, even before he had spoken a single word or noticed that there was such a person as myself upon the face of the earth.

" Yes, Falcon, that's the kind of people we sometimes find in the world! He looks into your eyes and he captures your whole soul. Are you ashamed of it? Ah, no, little friend; on the contrary, you feel vastly proud to have met such a man and had him even look at you for a moment. In a way it is only right that this should be so. If there were much good in the world, people would cease to consider it as being good. That's how it is, but listen to what happened after that.

" Radda spoke up: ' You play beautifully, Loyko. What old and crafty Italian made you this fiddle, with its wonderfully deep tones? '

" Loyko laughed. ' I made it all myself! Not out of wood did I make it, but out of the breast of a wonderful young girl whom I loved very ardently, and the strings are nothing more or less than her heart-strings. Sometimes it is still somewhat false, this fiddle, but when I have the bow in my hand I know how to master it, do you see? '

" We gipsies, as you know, try from the very outset to cloud the eyes of our women in order that they may not set our hearts aflame, but they themselves should become filled with longing for us. Loyko acted quite otherwise, but I fear that he struck the wrong party. Radda turned away and said, yawning: ' H'm! and yet people have told me that Loyko is wise and cunning. Evidently all these people lied to me! ' Saying this, she turned and left us.

" ' Aha, my beauty! You have sharp teeth! ' exclaimed Loyko with flashing eyes, as he leapt down from his horse. ' Hail, comrades, here I am.'

" ' Be our welcome guest, O Eagle! ' replied Danila. After our mutual embraces we conversed for a while, and then after a little time we all went to sleep. . . . We slept soundly enough. . . . The next morning we noticed that Zobar had tied a bandage about his head. What was the matter? A horse's hoof had caught him, he told us, and that was all we could learn concerning it.

" H'm! we all knew what kind of horse it was, and we smiled in our beards. Danila also smiled. What? Wasn't Loyko worthy of Radda? Surely not that! A girl may be as beautiful as the day and yet her soul remains weak, cramped, and sordid, and even if you hang a whole sack of gold around her neck she never becomes a trifle the better than she originally was. Yes, little brother, I tell you that is so.

" Thus we lived on and on in this place. Business was good and Zobar remained with us quite willingly. There was a comrade for you, Falcon. Wise as an old man and skilled in everything. Why, he could even read and write Russian and Hungarian. If he merely began to speak—said but a word or two, you felt that you wanted to banish sleep for ever so that you might listen to all he

had to say. And he could play—may a thunderbolt strike me dead this very minute if ever the world held another man who could play on a fiddle as Zobar did in those days. When he drew his bow across the strings your heart fluttered like a frightened girl at the first note, and at the second it seemed as if your heart stopped beating altogether. He knew all this, of course he knew; but he would keep on playing and simply smile at us through it all. Now we could hear a long and tearful prayer, now the echo of some old and sad fairy tale about a beautiful princess that lay for years and years in a tower of ivory, and then suddenly, when we were all sad, a lively tune would leap from the bow and jig along so deliciously that even the sun in the sky seemed ready to dance to its lilt. If suddenly when he played he had shouted 'To arms, comrades!' I feel sure we should all have leapt to our feet and dashed our knives into the heart of the man he indicated. His music, and essentially his great personality, impressed us all. All of us, that is, except Radda, who even went so far as to make sport of him at times. All of us could see that she held Zobar's heart imprisoned. He loved her more than anything on earth, that was easy to see, and he would twist his long moustache and glare at the sky on those days when she was cruel to him. Ah me, poor Zobar! At night he would go far into the Steppes quite alone, and we would hear the wailing voice of his violin as he went through the rocky roads and over the long, coarse grass that covered the plains of that quarter.

"One day we were all sitting together and talking about our business. Our talk was becoming monotonous, and at last Danila spoke up: 'Sing us a song, Zobar. Gladden our hearts with a tune!' The latter cast a glance towards Radda, who lay upon her back not far from us, her wonderful face turned up to the cloudless sky, and then he began to draw his bow. Hereupon the fiddle started to talk as though in reality it was the heart and breast of some young girl! And Loyko sang:

> "'Ho! my heart is aflame as I ride
> Through the waste of the Steppes so wide.
> Like an arrow flies my steed
> Shod with the whirlwind's speed.'

"Radda slowly turned her head, raised herself on her

elbow and smiled into Loyko's eyes! His face flushed up like to nothing on earth so much as a sunrise.

"'Heigho! Let us gallop away
From the night to the dawn of the day!
Let us scatter this mantle of mist,
Where the hills by the sunrise are kissed.

"'We will ride with the sun till the night
And spatter the sky with her light.
We will leap into midnight from noon—
And then rest on the curve of the moon.'

"That's the way he sang! Nobody can sing like that nowadays. Radda merely remarked, as though she were spilling water through a sieve: 'I wouldn't fly so high if I were you, Loyko. You are always liable to fall down and catch your pretty nose in a puddle, and then your splendid moustache would get dirty. You had better look out!' Loyko glared at her for a moment, then, mastering his rage, he continued to sing his song:

"'Heigho! and to-morrow will peep
And will find us fast asleep.
And then we will both pass away
In the flaming sun's red spray.'

"'That's what I call a song!' said Danila. 'Never in my life have I heard such a song. May Satan make a pipe out of me this very minute if I'm not telling the truth.' Old Nur stroked his beard and silently shrugged his shoulders. This song of Zobar's had touched all our hearts, it seemed. But Radda was not pleased with it.

"'A fly once made a noise just like that when it wanted the people to imagine that it was an eagle,' she said, and so cruel was the jibe that we all felt as though someone had thrown handfuls of snow over us.

"'Perhaps you would like to taste the whip, Radda,' said her father. But Zobar threw his cap on the ground, and with flashing eyes exclaimed: 'Stop, Danila! A fiery horse needs a bit of steel! I want your consent to marry your daughter!'

"'Well spoken!' smiled Danila. 'Take her, if only you are willing and able!'

"'Very well,' said Loyko, and moved towards Radda. 'Well, my pretty lass, listen to me and don't be so terribly haughty. I have known many of your sisters, yes, many of them, I assure you. But never has one of them fired

my heart as you do. Ah, Radda, you have imprisoned my soul. . . . Well, then, what am I to do about it all? Whatever must happen will in all certainty happen. . . . Yes, little white one, there isn't a horse in all the world that can carry you away from yourself! I beg of you to marry me before God, my honour, your father and all these good people here, but beware of interfering with my freedom—for I am a free man and I must live as I choose!' Hereupon, compressing his lips, he moved towards her, stepping forward to take her. . . . 'Aha,' we said to each other, 'at last Radda has put the bit into the mouth of a true steed of the Steppes'; but suddenly we saw him throw up his hands and fall flat on his back! . . .

"He fell as though struck by a bullet. How in the name of all that was wonderful had it happened? It was Radda herself. She had coiled the whip around his legs and then drawn it sharply towards herself, whereupon Loyko merely fell to the ground.

"And then she herself lay down also and looked smilingly at the sky. We waited to see what Loyko would do. The latter, however, sat on the ground pressing his temples with his hands as though afraid that his head might burst. Then, after a moment or two, he rose and walked quietly off into the Steppes without saying a word to any one of us. Old Nur whispered to me, 'Watch him!' and I crept after Zobar into the Steppes, into the terrible darkness of the night. Yes, that's how it was, Falcon."

Makar shook the ashes out of his pipe and filled it again.

I snuggled down into my cloak and looked at old Makar, with his dried and wrinkled face that was so tanned and burnt by the sun. Sternly and thoughtfully he shook his head, murmuring something I could not hear; and his thick grey moustache trembled in the wind that played through his long hair. To me he resembled an old oak that, although struck by lightning, still stands proud and mighty in its invincible power. All the time the sea and shore murmured interminably together and the wind carried their whispering across the Steppes. Nonka was no longer singing, and the clouds that now covered the sky made the night even more dark and terrible.

"Loyko walked slowly with bowed head and hands

lying lax and lifeless. Arriving at the ravine near the river, he sat him down on a rock and moaned. Ah me! so piteously did he moan that my heart bled in sympathy for him and his misery. And yet I did not come near him. Words, mere words, cannot console a man's sufferings when they are of this sort, can they? Yes, he sat like this, all alone and silent, for two hours, for three hours—he sat motionless beside the river.

"Suddenly I saw Radda walking quickly from the camp towards Loyko. I was happy, most wonderfully happy. Radda was a wonderful girl. She approached him, but he did not hear her. She put her hands on his shoulders. Loyko started, took his hands away from his wet face and stared at her. And you should have seen how he leapt to his feet and clutched at the handle of his knife! 'He will kill the girl!' I said to myself, and was just about to run off to the camp for assistance when I heard these words: 'Throw it away or else I will blow your brains out. Do you see this?' and Radda pointed a pistol at Zobar's head. That's the sort of little devil she was, Falcon. 'Now,' thought I, 'they are equally matched. What will happen next, I wonder?'

"'Listen to me!' Radda put the pistol into her belt and continued: 'I have not come to kill you, but to make peace. Throw away that knife!' He threw it away and looked at her darkly. It was wonderful, brother, only that, there is no other word in all the world to describe it but that—wonderful. Here stood two creatures looking at each other like beasts of prey, and yet through it all I knew that they were both such strangely strong and marvellous people. Only the bright moon and I beheld them—nobody else whatever.

"'Now listen to me, Loyko. I love you!' He merely shrugged his shoulders as if he had been bound hand and foot.

"'I have seen many a pleasing lad, but you are better and braver than all the rest. Why, the others would tear off their moustaches at a single glance from me, and willingly fall at my feet if I but asked them to do so. With all they had and brought to me, they failed in every way to please me. I would only have made women of them all. You see, there are very few brave gipsies in the world,

ah yes! very few indeed, I assure you, Loyko. None of them have I ever loved before, but now, to-day, I love you. And yet I love my freedom, and this, Loyko, I love more than even you. But without you I cannot live, even as you say you cannot live without me. No, I want you to be mine, heart and soul. Every little piece and inch of you, do you hear?'

"He smiled. 'I hear! My heart is glad to listen to these words. Speak on!'

"'I have this much to say yet, Loyko: Whatever you do, I will compel you to be mine. Therefore, little friend, I would advise you to waste no time, for my kisses and embraces are waiting for you—and most ardent they will be, I tell you, these kisses and embraces of mine, Loyko. In the warmth of my arms you will forget your courageous life, and your beautiful songs that so please the gipsy folk will no longer echo through all the countryside. . . . You will sing only tender love songs to me, Radda—your own lovely Radda. Lose no time, therefore, but do as I say. To-morrow you must submit yourself to me as you would to some superior officer. You will bow down at my feet before the whole camp and kiss my right hand—this one here—and then, yes, then I will become your wife for always after. Your wife and yours only.'

"So that's what this fiend of a girl wanted. It was amazing and ridiculous. Such things had happened certainly in the old days, but those times were dead and buried far away from our times and customs. Also these things happened amongst the Montenegrins, and naturally never amongst the gipsies, who are, and always have been, a far prouder nation in all things on earth. Submission to a woman! Tell me, Falcon, can you imagine such a thing? No, I should think not, indeed. I cannot imagine anything more ridiculous. No, little white friend, not in a thousand years would you or I be able to do it, I am certain. No, sir, never!

"Loyko sprang to his feet and uttered a cry that rang through the whole Steppes; it sounded as though a bullet had just passed through his breast. Radda trembled, but did not seem to lose her nerve.

"'Farewell and until to-morrow, and to-morrow you will do what I tell you. Do you hear, Loyko?'

" ' I hear—I will do it! ' groaned Zobar, holding his arms out to her. But, as ever, she turned away from him. For a moment he swayed like a tree uprooted by a tempest, then suddenly he fell to the ground, weeping and laughing alternately in a terribly hysterical manner.

" That's the way the beautiful devil tortured the poor fellow. It was with great difficulty that I brought him to his senses.

" I wonder what earthly good it can do Satan or Beelzebub or any other devil when we human beings are plunged in such terrible grief? What pleasure can anything of the sort afford to the Evil One—to hear the heart-rending groans of men and women who love and suffer in a hell like this? What do the philosophers have to say to all this, I wonder? . . . .

" I returned to the camp and told the whole history to the old men. For a time they deliberated and then decided to wait and see how all these things would eventually turn out. And this is what happened: As we were all sitting around the camp fire the next evening Loyko came to us. He looked very thoughtful, his features were terribly emaciated and there were deep black lines under his eyes, which he kept turned towards the ground. Without looking at us, he said: ' Look here, comrades, listen to me. This night I have searched my heart and I find in it no place for my old and usual freedom. Only Radda now lives in it, and nothing else. Here she is, the exquisitely beautiful Radda, young and smiling like a queen. She loves her freedom more than she loves me . . . but I . . . I love her more even than my personal freedom itself, and for that reason I have decided to fall at her feet. This very thing she has commanded me to do, so that you can see how her exquisite beauty has overcome and beaten the great and dauntless Loyko Zobar, who, before he knew Radda, played with women as a hawk plays with a pigeon. After that, however, she will become my wife, fondling me with kisses and embraces, so that I shall no longer trouble to sing to you or have any cares for my lost freedom that was at other times such a dear and unspeakably precious thing to me! Am I right, Radda? ' Raising his eyes, he looked at her sadly for a moment. She said nothing in reply, but nodded her head vigorously and pointed to her

feet. All of us looked on in sorrow and amazement, not understanding it at all. We felt that we wanted to go far away, so that of all things we might not see Loyko Zobar falling at the feet of any woman on earth, not even if this woman was Radda herself. I think every one of us was overcome with strange feelings of sorrow, regret, and pity at so sad and terrible a scene.

" ' Well? ' said Radda to Zobar.

" ' Ah, then, do not be so hasty! Surely there's plenty of time for that. You shall have all the glory you want this evening, I promise you,' laughed Loyko, like the clashing of two sword blades—that is just how his laughter sounded, little white Falcon.

" ' Well, then, comrades, this is the whole story. What else is there left for me to do? you will ask. This much. It is only necessary for me to find out if my Radda's heart is really as hard as she has already shown it to be. Yes, little friends, that is what I am going to find out now. Pardon me, comrades. . . .'

" And before we could realise what he was about to do, Radda was lying on the ground, and in her breast stuck Loyko's crooked knife up to the very hilt in her white and quivering flesh. For a moment we all stood as if paralysed.

" But Radda drew the knife out of her heart, threw it aside and pushed a lock of her black hair into the already opening wound, smiled and then spoke up clearly and loudly: ' Farewell, Loyko, I knew you would do something like this. I knew it, my man! . . .' And with these words on her lips she closed her glorious eyes and died.

" Do you understand now what sort of a girl she was, Falcon? What a woman! Matthew and Paul, may I be for ever cursed if she wasn't the very daughter of the Devil himself. Yes, Falcon, yes indeed.

" ' And now, my proud queen,' he cried, ' I will fall at your feet.' So saying in so loud a voice that it echoed through all the Steppes, he fell at her feet and commenced kissing them madly, did this superhuman Loyko. Ah me, this is terribly true, my little Falcon. We removed our caps and stood around the two in utter silence.

" What do you think of such a story, Falcon, my brave lad?

" At last Nur wanted to say, ' We ought to bind him! '

but amongst all of us not a hand was raised to bind Loyko Zobar, and Nur knew it. Danila, however, picked up the knife that Radda had pulled from her heart and stood looking at it for a long time. His lips quivered, it was still wet with Radda's blood, and in shape it was so devilishly hard and crooked. Then, slowly and in utter silence, Danila approached Zobar and plunged the knife into his back, just over his heart. For after all, was he not the father of this Radda, the old soldier Danila?

" ' Well done,' said Loyko in a ringing voice, turning towards Danila. Then he sunk down at Radda's side and his soul followed hers out of the world . . . hand in hand, perhaps . . . who can tell us, after all?

" And there before our very eyes lay Radda, her hand with its black lock of hair pressed to her bosom, her wide open eyes turned towards the skies, and at her feet lay the handsome form of Loyko. His hair had fallen over his face and none of us could see his features now.

" We stood lost in deep thought. Old Danila's grey moustache trembled and terrible was the look in his eyes. He turned his gaze towards the sky, but said no word to any of us. All of us were deadly silent, with the fear and clasp of death upon us, except old Nur, who threw himself upon the ground and wept like a child.

" And there was good cause for weeping, Falcon.

" Well, then, God be with you, my friend. Keep going straight ahead and do not turn aside. You will only rot away if you stay in one place. It is I, old Makar, who gives you this rare and valuable advice. That's all, Falcon."

Makar stopped, put his pipe in his tobacco pouch and threw the folds of his cloak across his breast. The rain fell harder than ever now. The waves pounded against the shore with a loud and hollow growl. One after another the horses drew near to the dying fire, looked at us with their big, intelligent eyes and stood round in a straggling circle.

" Hop, hop, ehoi! " Makar called out to them in a friendly voice as he stroked the neck of his favourite animal with the palm of his hard old hand. Turning to me, he said, " It is time to sleep! " Covering his head with the fold of his cloak, he stretched himself out on the

ground and was soon fast asleep, in spite of the violence of the wind and the wetness of the earth beneath him.

But I—I had no wish to sleep. I gazed as well as I might through the darkness of the Steppes towards the roaring of the ocean, and now and then I could see before me the queenly shape of the dead Radda. She held the hand with the crisp lock of black hair tightly pressed against the little wound, and through her fingers trickled a little stream of blood, red and sinister. The blood ran and ran as I watched it, in little drops that fell with slow regularity, and each drop turned to a star of crimson fire as it reached the earth.

And behind her, very close behind, the brave Loyko Zobar. His face was veiled with his heavy black hair, behind which flowed his great and terrible tears.

The rain fell faster and intermittently the wind sang a dirge to the sad and strangely wonderful pair—Loyko Zobar and Radda, the daughter of old Danila. For hours I watched them and saw the shadows whirl after each other across the blackness; like two dead leaves in the wind they turned round and round, yet never was the singer Loyko to overtake the great love of his life, Radda.

Sir Christopher Wren

By Manning Robertson, F.R.A.S., A.R.I.B.A.

THE vast strides that have recently been made in all branches of scientific knowledge, and the consequent growth of specialisation, have eliminated the universal genius. As technique is rendered increasingly exacting, and the journeys to and from the working face of scientific discovery and invention grow ever longer and more laborious, the possibility of one man obtaining mastery in many subjects becomes continually more remote. Conditions were essentially different during the period covered by the Renaissance, when the restricted boundaries of human knowledge made a wide range of activity possible to such master minds as Michel Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci in Italy, and, in England, to their only equal, Sir Christopher Wren. It is difficult for us now to realise the immense prestige enjoyed by Wren in almost every branch of scientific advance during his long life of ninety-one years. His name to-day is known to the public solely as the designer of St. Paul's, and, seeing how little interest the average Englishman takes in architecture, and how few could name the designers of Somerset House and the Houses of Parliament, it is a remarkable testimony to Wren's pre-eminence that he should be so widely recognised as the architect of London's Cathedral: the only architect the Man in the Street has ever heard of! No better tribute could be found for Sir Christopher Wren, the bi-centenary of whose death was celebrated on February 25th last, than that accorded to him by his contemporary, Isaac Barrow, himself a man of comprehensive genius, who spoke of Wren as one of whom it was doubtful whether he was "most to be commended for the divine felicity of his genius, or for the sweet humanity of his disposition, as a boy, a prodigy: now, as a man, a Miracle!"

Wren was born in 1632 at East Knoyle in Wiltshire,

of which parish his father was rector. His family had for some generations attained to distinguished positions in the Church, and his father and uncle became respectively Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Ely. He was educated first under a private tutor, on account of delicate health, and then at Westminster School. He soon distinguished himself as a Latin scholar, and, while still a schoolboy, came under the influence of Dr. Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and probably on this account went up to that College on leaving Westminster at the age of fourteen. He took his M.A. degree and was elected Fellow of All Souls in 1653, finding time also to qualify as a Doctor of Medicine. When twenty-four years old he was given the Professorship of Astronomy at Gresham College in London, where he delivered his inaugural address in Latin. In 1660 he resigned his Gresham professorship and became Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, a post of great distinction that still exists and has been held for the past twenty-nine years by Professor H. H. Turner. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge in 1661 gave him the D.C.L. and LL.D. degrees. One of the founders of the Royal Society, he became President of that body in 1681; was successively member of Parliament for Plympton, Windsor, and Weymouth, and, having produced a greater output of architectural work than any individual before or since, he died at the age of ninety-one on February 25th, 1723. He was buried under the choir of St. Paul's, and commemorated by a world-famous epitaph, to be seen over the door in the north transept:—"Si Monumentum Requiris, Circumspice." He was twice married, first to Faith, daughter of Sir John Coghill, and secondly to Jane FitzWilliam, daughter of Lord Lifford.

His scientific activities took practical form at the age of thirteen, when, his son tells us in *Parentalia*, 1750, he invented a new instrument of practical astronomical use, and a pneumatic engine. His capacity for invention was apparently inexhaustible, and an account of some of the contrivances devised by him, in collaboration with the ingenious Dr. Wilkins, of Wadham, can be found in Evelyn's *Diary*, where the diarist expresses special pleasure at the gift he received from Dr. Wilkins of a transparent bee-

hive elaborately adorned with dials and statues, its fame being so great that the King made a special visit to inspect it. Evelyn on the same occasion received a gift from " that prodigious young scholar Mr. Christopher Wren " of a piece of white marble that had been stained a deep and beautiful red. Pepys describes a similar visit to inspect a machine for drawing pictures which Wren designed and exhibited.

Wren's skill as an anatomist led to his employment in the manufacture of models, illustrating the muscles of the human body, for use in connection with a course of lectures that were being delivered in the public theatre at Surgeon's Hall, and hence, according to the younger Christopher, came the first introduction of geometrical and mechanical speculations into anatomy. At the same time Wren was carrying on experiments in the transfusion of blood, and in the injection of substances into the arteries. Robert Boyle describes such an experiment, in which opium was injected into the hind leg of a dog; the dog soon showed signs of prostration, and indeed became so much stupefied, " that wagers were offered his life could not be saved." Boyle, however, with commendable presence of mind, " caused him to be whipped up and down a neighbouring garden, whereby being kept awake and in motion, after some time he began to come to himself again; and being led home, and carefully tended, he not only recovered but began to grow fat so manifestly that 'twas admired." The dog was by this time so famous that he was stolen, and his ultimate fate is therefore unrecorded.

In 1661 the King sent Wren an official command: " to make a globe representing accurately the figure of the Moon, and to delineate by the help of the microscope the figures of all the insects, and small creatures you can light upon, as you have done those you have presented to his Majesty." That even Wren's patience and capacity for work could be exhausted is proved by a further letter from Whitehall, in which the King excuses him from carrying out the drawings of insects, saying that he would have them prepared by someone else. The following is given in *Parentalia* as an extract from Dr. Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, and is interesting, as it introduces us

to the birth of a body still of unrivalled distinction in the world of science :—

" Some space after the conclusion of the civil wars Dr. Wilkins' lodgings at Wadham College, Oxford, was made the place of resort for virtuous and learned men, of philosophical minds, where the first meetings were held which laid the foundations of the Royal Society for the improving of natural knowledge."

The names include Mr. Boyle, Mr. Wallis, and Dr. Christopher Wren. He kept up a close connection with this Society all his life, continually reading papers on every variety of subject. Some of the titles of his communications are of interest as showing the wide range of his experiments :—

" To find whether the earth moves."

" Of an instrument perpetually noting the soundings in shallows."

" Artificial eye with the humours truly and dioptically made."

" To build in deep water."

" Several new ways of graving and etching."

" Of the rising of sap in trees."

" To weave many ribbons at once with only turning a wheel."

" Experiments of the nature of silk, the tenacity of oyl, of the parts of leather."

" Divers new musical instruments."

" Of the instruments of respiration."

" Easier ways of whale fishing."

He was described in the Charter as " Christopher Wren, Doctor of Medicine, Saville professor of Astronomy in Our University of Oxford."

The artist, in contrast to the scientist, may be said to work on a scale of absolute values. In natural science every hard-won discovery provides a new rung on the ladder of progress, up which future generations can make their way without difficulty. Consequently the present-day scientist of modest attainments can enjoy a far wider view than was granted to Wren, Newton, or Huygens. The same can by no means be claimed when we deal with the arts : here each creative artist starts virtually from the ground, and to say that our present-day artists are more

effective than Phidias, Dürer, Shakespeare, or Beethoven, is to talk nonsense. This is very obvious, but it must be borne in mind if we are to institute any comparison between Wren the scientist and Wren the artist. This duality is only remarkable in him in that he was so supreme a master of both sides.

Bearing this in mind, we can see that Wren's profound scientific training provided a perfect equipoise to his appreciation of the beautiful, with the result that his architectural designs are never contrary to common sense, but bear the stamp of ordered simplicity, with an indefinable genius behind it, the essence of every great work of art. It is the capacity for instinctively selecting the correct vehicle out of a wealth of apparently equally promising material that constitutes the genius, whether he be artist or mathematician, or, like Wren, a combination of both. Poincaré, the mathematician, said that he found his greatest satisfaction in the artistic elegance that characterises the solutions of purely mathematical problems, an " elegance " that is, no doubt, essentially the same as that to be found in good music or architecture.

Seeing that Wren turned his attention to architecture comparatively late in life, one may surmise that his interest in building forms arose through his earlier connection with geometry. He considered that beauty could be traced to two sources, the Natural and the Customary, and the explanation he gave was that " The Natural is the beauty of Uniformity and Proportion, based on Geometry, Geometrical figures are naturally more beautiful than other irregular (figures) . . . the square and the circle are most beautiful, next the parallelogram and the oval. Customary beauty is begotten by the use of our senses to those objects which are usually pleasing to us for other causes, as familiarity or particular inclination breeds a love to things not altogether lovely." This, perhaps, is rather summary treatment for a problem the key to which lies only with the creative artist, and it is hardly to be expected that the great secret can be handed on.

Wren's first architectural work was the doorway in the north transept of Ely Cathedral, which he was asked to carry out by his uncle, the Bishop of Ely; but the real turning-point of his life was in the year 1662, when the

King requested him to survey the Tangier fortifications, promising him the office of Surveyor General on the retirement of Sir John Denham. He was unable, on account of ill-health, to undertake the work at Tangier, and asked the King to command his services at home, where a special post was created for him—that of Assistant to the Surveyor General. While acting in this capacity he was entrusted with the survey of the Cathedral of Old St. Paul's; and in 1668 Sir John Denham retired and left Wren Surveyor General in name as well as in fact. During the plague year of 1665 Wren visited Paris to study French architecture, and especially the Louvre, then being built by Bernini. He also made a careful examination of the other principal buildings in and about Paris, this being his only direct connection with the work of the Continental masters. In the following year London was destroyed by the Great Fire, and Wren was commissioned to survey the ruins and rebuild the City.

The result of this survey was a magnificent scheme for the replanning of the City on broad lines; but this was abandoned, owing chiefly to the refusal of owners to give up their old sites, which could still unfortunately be traced amid the desolation so vividly described by Pepys. The streets were therefore pegged out in their original crooked courses, and the churches in most cases rebuilt in the positions they had originally occupied. Wren was thus left to do the best he could with the cramped and irregular sites at his disposal. Although hampered by lack of adequate funds, and by the jealousy and intrigues of rivals and officials, his commanding personality and wide sympathies enabled him to carry through his projects, subject always to leaving the general lay-out of the City as it had been before.

The towers and steeples of his fifty-three City churches show an amazing originality and diversity of design, and are grouped with consummate skill. Who has not admired the effect of the little pointed spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, standing against the massive dome of St. Paul's? Even the blatant advertiser, assisted by an ugly railway bridge, has been unable to destroy Wren's intended effect. The lead spire of St. Augustine and St. Faith's presents a similar effect from the East. The plain and beautifully

proportioned spire of St. Vedast's in Foster Lane is a dramatic contrast to the graceful and rather French beauty of St. Mary-le-Bow—next to St. Paul's itself, the best known of all Wren's exteriors. In his day the portico of St. Magnus' Church formed a fine approach to the eastern footway of old London Bridge, one of whose arches has recently been excavated. The new bridge with its colossal viaduct now towers ruthlessly above the church. St. Andrew's has shared the same fate; instead of standing as a conspicuous landmark, it is dwarfed by the Holborn Viaduct. These engineering feats were more than justified, but the City churches have suffered severely in other directions, since on all sides they have been choked by unnecessarily ugly warehouses and high office buildings, as delicate flowers are smothered by weeds. Wren himself to some extent anticipated this danger, and concentrated his features on the upper parts of the spires, raising them as high as possible above the surrounding buildings.

Wren was by no means at home in Gothic work, and, judged by Gothic standards, his few direct attempts in this style can only be deemed failures, or at best obvious mixtures between Gothic and Renaissance; it should at the same time be noted that the crime of erecting the western towers of Westminster Abbey cannot be brought home to Wren, since they were finished in 1740, many years after his death, to his design as altered by Hawksmoor. That such mixtures could, in the hands of Wren, be beautiful in themselves is proved by the light and graceful spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. The upward Gothic tendency is, however, reconciled to the horizontal line of the Renaissance in such steeples as those of St. Vedast, St. Mary-le-Bow, and St. Bride; and this architectural style or "compound," followed by Gibbs in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and by others subsequently, was a definite departure initiated by Wren. St. Paul's itself is a building of mediæval form and construction in an unequalled Renaissance setting, and it is often criticised adversely on that account; but it can only reasonably be judged by results, and in those instances where the architect has satisfactorily blended the characteristics of the two styles to form one harmonious whole, he should rather be given the credit

for a daring and successful achievement than criticised for attempting so bold a venture.

Many of his churches have been ruined by subsequent embellishments and "beautification"; some have lost their magnificent old fittings, others have been demolished to make room for commercial buildings. The self-styled "Practical Man" is once again busy telling us how great an improvement could be effected by substituting lofty blocks of offices for some of the remaining City churches, and his proposals include a scheme for leaving the more famous spires nestling in isolation under overpowering semi-skyscrapers, the body of the church being destroyed to make way for the latter. While one can easily understand the Practical Man's motive, he turns out to be astonishingly unpractical, from the point of view of the community, if we examine closely his suggestions for the improvement of the City of London. Every new block of offices of great height places a heavier strain on streets and services that are already incapable of carrying the traffic they are called upon to bear, and his ambition would appear to be to convert the City into a region where every office, excepting those on the loftiest floors, would depend on artificial illumination the whole year round. These arguments do not, of course, touch the main issue: that no generation has the right ruthlessly to destroy priceless and irreplaceable works of art. About one-third of Wren's City churches have already been demolished to make room for warehouses and offices, and the proposal, made in June, 1920, to destroy nineteen more to the same end caused a sensation sufficient to hold the scheme up, at least for a time. The Wren churches that still remain should surely be looked upon as heirlooms. At the same time, it is obviously too much to expect the Church of England to bear the financial strain and responsibility of keeping them for the City. In these days of greater artistic appreciation it should be possible for the City authorities and the City public, assisted from outside, to see that such gems are not irretrievably lost. The expansion of the City does not depend upon the destruction of its most valuable objects, but principally upon slum clearance and ordered extension eastwards, and upon increased transport facilities; but it is, of course, always reasonable to increase heights where

this is really necessary and feasible, as in the case of the Bank of England.

Wren's architectural output was so prodigious that an enumeration of his major works in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, at Hampton Court, Greenwich, Chelsea, Salisbury, Chichester, and elsewhere would convert a memoir into a catalogue. The City churches admirably typify his work, are of such universal interest, and are so easily accessible, that they have here been treated as representative examples. Although, of course, they vary in individual merit, they nevertheless illustrate the great architectural tradition of which Wren was the founder, just as the tortuous and overcrowded City lanes remind us that Wren's foresight was disregarded by his contemporaries when it touched upon the wider issues of town planning, a science that is only now receiving the official recognition that it deserves. The sums we have up to the present wasted annually, in the name of individual liberty, from the time of the rejection of Wren's scheme for the rebuilding of London, would reach fabulous figures. We have allowed our towns to develop haphazard, without paying the slightest attention to the requirements of the future, and we have in consequence to spend immense sums of money in widening streets that should have been made wide enough when they were laid out, and cutting new roads through built-up areas with the appalling compensation that this procedure entails. We live in the midst of a confused congestion of houses, factories, cemeteries, and warehouses, surrounded by an indescribable turmoil of traffic, in a setting of soot, grime, and fog, every one of which evils are directly due to lack of elementary foresight and initiative at the time when country was being converted into town, and to our general apathy in safeguarding public amenities.

The principles advocated by Wren have at last been recognised by Act of Parliament two hundred years after his death, and one hopes that the practice of leaving the development of towns to chance is at an end. No more appropriate, if unconscious, tribute to Wren's genius could be found than the acceptance by the twentieth century of the principles he unsuccessfully advocated in the seventeenth.

A New Reading of "Measure for Measure"

By Gerald Gould

One opens the recent edition of *Measure for Measure* (edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson) with high hopes that new light will be thrown on this puzzling play. And, as regards the text, the date, and the authenticity of the several parts, new light *is* thrown. But there is no departure from the conventional view that the play is unsatisfactory. There is no solution of the fundamental problem.

Must we acquiesce in the verdict that, apart from the presumed interpolations and excisions, the play itself—the play which, as far as we can conjecture, Shakespeare himself wrote—fails in the essential unity, which is the convincingness, of a work of art? Or can we maintain that, to a new understanding unfettered by critical preconceptions, it may yet reveal the secret of its own justification?

Measure for Measure has always been a difficulty. No critic has felt altogether happy about it. One is left at the end of it, not merely with "a bad taste in the mouth," but with a sense of being unfed and unsatisfied. Other plays leave a similarly bad taste: is it true that no other play leaves the same frustration and bewilderment? Scarcely. Consider the analogies. *Measure for Measure* belongs to a definite kind, of which there are other examples. There is a whole class of Shakespeare's dramas in which the prevailing motive is a sort of angry disgust at the nature, and especially the sexual nature, of mankind.

Troilus and Cressida and *Measure for Measure* are the outstanding examples of this class; *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Timon of Athens* belong to it, but much of these two is non-Shakespearean. This last quali-

fication applies also to the somewhat similar *Pericles*—and possibly to *Measure for Measure* itself.

To establish the exact date of all these plays is impossible. But, roughly speaking, they belong to the second half of Shakespeare's career. It is crude, but useful, to think of that career as divided at the turn of the century: before 1600 came the light-hearted comedies, the romantic tragedies and histories; after 1600 came the greatest tragedies—*Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*—and the late "comedies" (sometimes described as mellow and peaceful!), *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. Now it is probable that at least one draft of *All's Well* and one of *Measure for Measure*, besides *Troilus and Cressida*, belong to the earliest three or four years of the seventeenth century—a time, apparently, of change and bitterness for Shakespeare. Another draft of *All's Well* is probably much earlier than that. *Pericles* and *Timon* are later. We may then—still confessedly making a rough generalisation—conceive of this mood of bitterness as extending over some years, and more or less coinciding with the great tragedies; the sexual references in *Hamlet* and *Lear* help to bear this out. And it is wiser, on the face of it, to conceive of Shakespeare's superlatively sensitive nature as alternating between revolt and achievement—between the angry protest of the group we are considering and the large achievement of the tragedies—than it is to parcel it out into periods and allow it to think in only one way at a time. The theory that the bitterness had been transcended and turned into "mellowness" in *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* is refuted by a perusal of those plays. The difference between the tragedies and such so-called "comedies" as *Measure for Measure* is one of artistic conception and construction. Where Shakespeare was dealing with the problems of sin and suffering on the scale they merit—the scale of tragedy—he achieved the sense of perfection and finality. The tragic close of *Lear*, for instance, leaves one not unhappy, but exalted—"by arousing pity and fear, it effects the purgation of such emotions." The facing of the terrible facts carries us beyond them, to the understanding of them: the sorrow of the world is harmonised. When, however, Shakespeare spatchcocked the same conceptions into an

old story which demanded a "happy ending," the contrast is expressed in irritation. In this sense—and, I believe, in this sense alone—is *Measure for Measure* unsatisfactory. It cannot compare with the great tragedies, because a lower idea is embodied in a poorer form (which, form and idea being one in art, is only another way of saying that a poorer form has limited the idea). But art requires many manifestations, and *Measure for Measure*, terrific *in* its kind, cannot be dismissed as a failure because it does not belong to a quite different kind. And if we can solve the riddle of this play, we shall have contributed something towards the solution of other similar plays.

(Incidentally, it may be noted that *Twelfth Night*, belonging as it does to the end of the great comic and the beginning of the great tragic period, is in some respects similar to the *Measure for Measure* group. For Malvolio, rightly understood, is a comic figure only in the same sense as Sir Willoughby Patterne—that is, he is not tragic, but he is as heart-breaking as if he were; and the light-heartedness of the others is a satire on human insensitiveness and cruelty.)

Speculation as to date, as to the relation with other plays, as to type and mode, are all useful in the interpretation of a play. But they are none of them essential. The play's the thing. The trouble with *Measure for Measure* (and it is idle to deny that there *is* some trouble—that there is a problem to be solved, though perhaps not incapable of solution) is itself. Nor does this merely mean that the plot, if told in its nakedness of incident, without the illumination of the artist's treatment, would sound absurd. That is literally true of every one of Shakespeare's plots. In *Measure for Measure* the treatment is the very thing that puzzles us. Nor, again, can we say that this is because it is merely bad. It is not bad. It is superlatively good. The power, the dramatic imagination and the poetical and rhetorical splendour of this play place it among Shakespeare's greatest achievements. And yet it revolts us (why that is we have seen) and puzzles us (perhaps through our own fault, as we shall see).

The usual reading of it, which causes the feeling of bewilderment, is based on certain basic conceptions which

I believe to be misconceptions. It is worth while, at any rate, to take them up by the roots and examine them.

And, first of all, it is to be noticed that, whereas in most of Shakespeare's plays the absurdity of the bare plot is mitigated and, as it were, reconciled to reality by the explication of character, in *this* play the apparent absurdity is in the characters themselves. The Duke, as he appears in the play, is masterful and dominant—a brooding and compelling fate embodied in human form and regal function. Yet what is the state of his duchy at the play's beginning? In his own words, he has for fourteen years "let slip" the

> "strict statutes and most biting laws,
> The needful bits and curbs for headstrong weeds:"

so that, in the upshot,

> "our decrees
> Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
> And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
> The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
> Goes all decorum."

But though the Duke calls the statutes "needful," they are in fact of a kind which frustrates itself by its own ferocity; and the state of Vienna has fallen to that admittedly worst of all conditions in which the excessive strictness of the law's letter has prevented the execution of the law, and consequently the letter and the spirit have alike fallen into contempt. The central and typical law, on which the whole play turns, is that which inflicts the penalty of death for any commission of the sexual act outside the bonds of matrimony. So far is this from being enforced that the city is openly a place of brothels, and professional courtesans notoriously and publicly ply their trade. The Duke, having, in spite of all his intellectual power and terrifying force of character, brought things to this pass, decides to disappear and temporarily to invest Angelo with his power, while he himself, in disguise, watches the progress of events. Of this cowardly action he provides two contradictory explanations. One is that he fears the sudden enforcement of the laws would seem "too dreadful" if carried out by the man who had allowed them to slip into desuetude:

> "Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
> 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
> For what I bid them do."

But at the end of this very same speech comes the alternative. This time it is not the law that is to be vindicated, or the Duke himself that is to be safeguarded; the whole motive now is the testing of Angelo:

> "Moe reasons for this action
> At our more leisure shall I render you;
> Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone; hence shall we see,
> If power change purpose, what our seemers be."

If this is the genuine motive, it seems a thin one for the causing of all the misery that ensues.

Claudio has committed the act for which the nominal penalty is death. He has done so in circumstances which even the strictest censor might consider extenuating. He loves the girl; he is shortly to marry her; he would already have married her but for external obstacles:

> "upon a true contract
> I got possession of Julietta's bed:
> You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
> Save that we do the denunciation lack
> Of outward order: this we came not to,
> Only for propagation of a dower
> Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
> From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
> Till time had made them for us."

Yet, in a city rotten with venal vice, this act is fastened upon by the new ruler. Angelo will hear of no extenuation. Sin is sin, law is law; and the punishment must be carried out. To him, in this frame of mind, comes Isabella, Claudio's sister, a novice in a nunnery, to plead for Claudio's life; and the austere Angelo, at the second interview, offers to spare her brother if she will yield herself to him. She refuses, and, in the famous scene with Claudio in prison, savagely and brutally rebukes him for giving the possibility a moment's harbourage in his mind. Then, to help out the plot, it is discovered that Angelo after all has not been so virtuous in the past; he has played the meanest of all parts—he has wooed a girl for her money, and deserted her when he found that she had none. The Duke takes advantage of this to arrange a stratagem by which Angelo shall imagine himself to have prevailed upon Isabella, when in fact he has not. Angelo immediately breaks his bargain. Having, as he thinks, had from

Isabella what he demanded, he then, instead of setting Claudio free, orders his instant execution. Tragedy is averted by the reappearance of the Duke; Claudio is released; Angelo is paired off with Mariana, the girl whose heart he broke in the first instance; and the Duke marries Isabella, who, apparently, is to give up without a pang that idea of becoming a nun to which, only a few days before, she was so single-heartedly devoted.

The characters in this medley have been labelled accordingly. Angelo is a hypocrite, Claudio a coward, Isabella a heroine (Ruskin, in speaking of her "victorious truth and adamantine purity," has summed up the general verdict). The marriage with the Duke at the end is incomprehensible on this reading. Even Dr. Bradley thinks it a sort of aberration. But actually, on this reading, *the whole play* is incomprehensible.

Let us, then, get back to first principles and consider another line of approach. If Angelo is realised as the central character—his problem as the central problem—and Isabella and the Duke as the necessary setting for that character and that problem, much becomes clear.

Is it true that Angelo is a hypocrite? Is it true that Claudio is a coward? Is it true even that Isabella is meant to be heroic? "Victorious truth and adamantine purity" do not prevent her from being party to a stratagem, for the deceiving of Angelo, in which neither of those qualities is conspicuous; and, even if this incident be explained away, Shakespeare had far too profound an understanding of human nature, and far too Christian a view of morals, to suppose that truth and purity in themselves constitute an admirable character, or even a character at all. Isabella is hard; she is, indeed, cruel. True, she is placed in a cruel dilemma. True, she makes the inevitable choice. But how are we to reconcile her abuse of her brother—a man at the point of death—with sympathy or common humanity? If it is granted that she is hard—and hardness was, as is evident throughout the plays, the quality that Shakespeare most detested, especially when it was coupled with conspicuous worldly success—then the marriage with the Duke seems neither unreasonable nor unlikely. On the ordinary reading of Isabella it is worse than grotesque. What are we to make of the

" truth " and " purity " of a maiden who abandons her novitiate—after expressing her desire for a stricter rule than that of the nunnery, after being held even by the profligate as a being " enskied and sainted "—in order to marry a man obviously of a different generation from herself, with whom she has had no passages of love, no preliminary converse, scarcely more than bare acquaintance? He is a Duke, and accustomed to having his own way. But the Isabella who marries him is the Isabella of the denunciations in the prison, not the Isabella of Ruskin's adoration.

Angelo is a more difficult matter. Is it of design, or is it a mere clumsiness of construction, that we are left in ignorance of his " shady " past until our opinion of his character is already formed? It may be mere clumsiness; Shakespeare was not infrequently guilty of that; but often a closer scrutiny will reveal that what looked like a mistake is really a revelation. If we remember Coleridge's dictum, that Shakespeare created like Nature, we shall not be too ready to take the easy explanation of difficult points. Let us, then, follow out the character of Angelo as, step by step, it is revealed to us.

Escalus, though " first in question," is left in secondary charge. Full power, the absolute authority of the Duke himself during his absence, is vested in Angelo. " Mortality and mercy in Vienna," says the Duke to him, " live in thy tongue and heart "; and he praises him to his face in that splendid speech which contains the words:

> **"Spirits are not finely touched**
> **But to fine issues."**

Note particularly the *kind* of praise. It is based on the firmness, the openness, the *certainty* of Angelo's virtue:

> **"There is a kind of character in thy life,**
> **That to th' observer doth thy history**
> **Fully unfold."**

(Yet all the time, remember, the Duke is well acquainted with Angelo's shabby and underhand treatment of Mariana.)

In the very next scene we find Claudio arrested and sentenced to death. It is the first act of Angelo's governorship. Claudio himself is bewildered, as well

he may be, and after a long speech discussing the possible motives:

> "Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
> . . . . . .
> Whether the tyranny be in his place,
> Or in his eminence that fills it up,
> I stagger in . . ."

ends with the conclusion that "'tis surely for a name." Yet what sort of name was Angelo likely to acquire by this proceeding?

The next reference to Angelo's character is in the Duke's communication to Friar Thomas. Here he is described as "a man of stricture and firm abstinence," and it is proposed—in the passage already quoted—to test whether his "precision" will stand the test of power. (Note here, too, that the Duke casts scorn on the idea that a man of his own age and habits should ever be "pierced" by "the dribbling dart of love"!)

In the next scene Lucio, Claudio's friend, is pleading with Isabella to intercede for her brother's life; and once more we get the stress laid upon Angelo's apparent character:

> "a man whose blood
> Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
> The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
> But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
> With profits of the mind, study and fast."

Then Escalus pleads with Angelo himself, lays the same stress on his virtue, but hints that it may have partly been preserved by fortune:

> "Let but your honour know,
> Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
> That, in the working of your own affections,
> Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
> Or that the resolute acting of your blood
> Could have attained th' effect of your own purpose,
> Whether you had not sometime in your life
> Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
> And pull'd the law upon you."

Angelo is ready with his answer. He does not take the view of himself that he is naturally "unobnoxious to be pain'd" by the "dribbling dart of love." He does not endorse the general view of his own coldness. He takes his stand on the necessity of law:

> "'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
> Another thing to fall."

And, further on:

> "You may not so extenuate his offence,
> For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
> When I, that censure him, do so offend,
> Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
> And nothing come in partial."

This is the extreme of dramatic irony, for in the very next scene Angelo's offence begins. Isabella, bearing witness to her own purity—

> "There is a vice that most I do abhor,"

—brings to bear on him the one claim which the sternest judge should find it difficult to resist:

> "Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy. How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are?"

Angelo is unmoved by this. He is respectable, not religious. His devotion is to the letter of the law. But desire begins to work in him, and when Isabella says:

> "Go to your bosom;
> Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
> A natural guiltiness such as is his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life,"

he says to himself, and with a strange image, explicable enough on psycho-analytic principles:

> "She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
> That my sense breeds with it."

The other two points of note in this scene are Angelo's indignation at the thought of being bribed with money—a view of his integrity which is endorsed by Lucio—and his soliloquy at the end, when, left alone, he confesses his sudden passion:

> "O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
> With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
> Is that temptation that doth goad us on
> To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
> With all her double vigour, art and nature,
> Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
> Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
> When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how"

How are we to square the genuine contempt for money dishonourably obtained with the heartlessness and dishonour of Angelo's previous treatment of Mariana? Only in one way. As we have already seen, his character is based on a respect for externals. It is the status of virtue, not the inward warmth of it, that he desiderates. He speaks (Act II. Scene 4) of

> "my gravity
> Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride."

But it is a very superficial and unsatisfactory reading that writes him off as a mere hypocrite, posing to the world. The whole point of his character is that his attitude is not a pose but a reality. His virtue is grounded in *self-respect*. He can do things which, by another standard, would be cosidered both cruel and dishonourable, and still *believe* himself virtuous, because he can explain them away in his own conscience. This accounts for his treatment of Mariana. When he jilted her, he did not do so avowedly on the mercenary motive; he "pretended in her discoveries of dishonour"; doubtless he convinced himself of their reality.

Now, this sort of gap between judgment and reality, this hard, complete self-satisfaction in meanness, is interpreted by the new psychology as a symptom of a morbid inhibition, a pathological suppression of some natural instinct. The nature of a man so afflicted is divided. He "rationalises" his motives, as we all do; but *his* "rationalising" takes the form of screening his own weakness from himself by the erection of false standards. What is the matter with Angelo, on this interpretation, is perfectly clear. He is not unsexual by nature. But he has a morbid repulsion from sex. The subject fascinates and repels him. The feverish eagerness with which he rushes, as the very first act of his governorship, to punish excessively a sexual slip is evidence of this. His animosity is roused, though he does not know it. He is jealous, and, again not knowing it, he quite sincerely imagines what is in fact suppressed jealousy to be moral condemnation and the upholding of law and virtue. Much censoriousness, prudishness and persecution are to be explained on the same lines.

Then comes the crash. Untempted, because of his

suppressions, by the ordinary lures of sex, he is moved by Isabella, because she has precisely the same morbid physical repulsion from the act of sex that he has himself. Her "purity" is not the natural, simple, instinctive chastity of an unawakened maiden; she, like Angelo, is preoccupied with the thing she abhors—the abhorrence is itself fascination. She has sought refuge in a nunnery, and the first act of her novitiate was to express the desire for stricter rules! The language with which she dwells on the facts of sex is highly coloured, passionate, not shy or timid or remote. Obviously, she has unconsciously brooded on the subject till it has become an obsession. She is pathologically "pure."

Like to like! And so, as we have seen, comes the crash. Angelo has fallen in the one way which he cannot reconcile with his own conception of himself, with his own pride in his own gravity. The fault of blood, which he despises and loathes, has proved too strong for him. Consequently, his self-respect, which was the foundation of his whole character, fails him, and with it everything else goes crashing to the ground. He sinks to every depth of infamy —cruelty, dishonour, deception. But "sinks" is the wrong word; he falls like a stone into the pit.

There is often, in Shakespeare's plays, a contrast between self-conscious virtue and foolish but generous vice —remember Octavius as against Antony, Henry V. as against Falstaff. The contrast with Angelo is provided by Claudio. Claudio is weak. But the ordinary interpretation of him as a mere coward cannot survive a careful and unprejudiced reading of the prison scene. When Isabella tells him of the suggested bargain his first instinctive exclamation is: "Thou shalt not do't." It is true that he immediately weakens, letting his imagination run on the horrors of death in the most terrible picture of that fate which has ever been framed; but the merest particle of decency and generosity in Isabella would have caused her to make allowances for the situation in which a young, ardent, bewildered and terribly imaginative man finds himself. His pleading is pitiful enough; but it moves Isabella only to the cruellest abuse:

"O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!"

And so on, with, later, that characteristic emphasis on sensual words and images which plays such a leading part in her "purity."

Thus, the play begins to fall into its place. Angelo, the central character, is explained. The plot takes on sense and coherence. Even the revolting scenes with procurers and prostitutes have a meaning, provide an artistic balance, for, though Shakespeare obviously never wrote for the sake of teaching a moral lesson, there is always a moral lesson to be gained from his plays, as from life; and here the contrast is between the youthful impetuosity of real love, such as Claudio's for Julietta, and the baseness and filth of mercenary vice. Isabella's marriage no longer comes as a shock. It is a natural consummation. The Duke, no longer regarded as a good character, but credited with all his cruelty and callousness, expresses what undoubtedly was one of Shakespeare's moods at the time—bitterness and contempt towards human frailty and folly. "The wretched creatures may as well suffer; they will learn something from it," is the Duke's attitude of mind. The complexity and triviality in detail of the plot suit well with his contemptuous mood; he so arranges it because "that is the sort of man he is." And yet the last word is only nominally his. Just as, through the complete sorrow of the end of King Lear, some light of consolation breaks, so here, through the mood of disgust and contempt in *Measure for Measure*, there comes forth, in the light of an interpretation based on the actual text and freed from preconceptions, Shakespeare's just and Christian estimate of human values.

Air Policy (i)

By Captain Wedgwood Benn, D.F.C., D.S.O., M.P.

THE nature of our air policy depends on the view we take of air power. Is the aeroplane chiefly a military arm, or is the military side but a specialised manifestation of something greater? What is the broadest basis on which air power can be built? What place must we assign to invention and research? When we have invented improvements, how is an adequate supply to be maintained? Must it be mainly stimulated by orders from the Air Ministry, or, if not, can and ought the State to help in other ways, and how?

First, what is the strength of the principal Powers in military and civilian machines?

British: Military.

Lord Gorell, in the House of Lords on July 27th, gave the number of British squadrons as follows:—

"At present there were in the United Kingdom for home defence, three; co-operating with the Fleet, four; co-operating with the Army, two and a half; for reconnaissance and communications, one; reserve, two; a total of twelve and a half. In the Mediterranean, co-operating with the Fleet there were one and a half; Egypt and Palestine, four and a half; Irak, eight; India, six; a total overseas of twenty, and a grand total of thirty-two and a half."

Shortly after this announcement, in response to pressure in the House of Commons, the Government announced a new programme:—

"The Government proposals provide for five hundred machines—that is to say, for the building of some three hundred new ones, the balance of the number being already in commission. The general idea governing the formation of the Defence Force is to have fifteen active new squadrons and five other squadrons, the latter forming the Auxiliary Defence Force, for which the personnel is to be recruited from the big centres of industry. In each squadron there will be twelve machines in service, six in immediate reserve, and six as a second reserve."—*The Times*, August 4th, 1922.

This latter is presumably the force of which Sir Hugh Trenchard spoke as the Territorial Air Force:—

"How could these squadrons be got? Surely by some system of an Auxiliary Air Force, a citizen force like the Territorials, but not necessarily on the Territorial basis altogether, having only short periods of training each year, once the pilots had been taught to fly. In his opinion it would take some years to form this force, but it could be done and it would become efficient. Provided it became sufficiently efficient, it would be, of course, much more economical than a defence system of permanent Service squadrons."—*The Times*, November 15th, 1921.

From an answer given on December 22nd last it would appear that the new programme has not materialised, for Sir Samuel Hoare gave the number of squadrons as thirty-two only.

As to cost, Lord Gorell mentioned the following figures:—

For 32 squadrons (the present force), £15,177,500, or £474,300 each.
For 100 squadrons, £24,000,000, or £240,000 each.

The charge being reduced, of course, as more squadrons share in the overhead costs.

Foreign: Military.

In the Parliamentary answer already quoted the Air Minister gave the strength of the French Air Service as 128 squadrons. Further particulars are supplied in a table prepared for a Sub-Committee of the Washington Conference. They were summarised in the *Morning Post* of June last:—

"The actual strength of the Powers in heavier than air craft on October 1st, 1921, including active and immediate reserve aircraft, service types at home and abroad, and attached to training schools, was as follows:—

	Pursuit or Combat Planes.	Bombing or Torpedo Planes.
United States	120	106
Great Britain	117	397
France	303	521
Italy	207	53
Japan	195	48

	Observation, Spotting, Artillery Control and Infantry Contact Patrol Planes.	Long Distance Scouting Planes.
United States	280	31
Great Britain	394	140
France	898	—
Italy	186	48
Japan	294	—

	Totals all types.
United States	537
Great Britain	1,048
France	1,722
Italy	494
Japan	537

Active Personnel, October, 1921.

	Officers (Pilots).	N.C.O.'s and Men.
United States	1,043	11,400
Great Britain	2,385	26,585
France	28,400	—
Italy	480	5,850
Japan	275	250

It would appear that in other countries which have not a separate Air Force a large number of the N.C.O.'s and men are not shown in the above totals, as they would belong either to the Army or to the Navy.

Expenditure on Air Services.

The amounts being spent on the Air Services of the various countries during the current year are as follow :—

United States	£6,500,000
Great Britain	£14,760,000
France	£9,900,000
Japan	£4,160,000

In this case also it is probable that Great Britain's expenditure is not relatively so large as it appears owing to the fact of certain sums in other countries being inseparable from naval or military expenditure."—*Morning Post,* June 13th, 1922.

British: Civilian.

On June 15th, in the House of Commons, Captain Guest said :—

"The number of civil aircraft holding certificates of airworthiness on June 1st and on the same date in the two years preceding were as follows :—1922, 97; 1921, 137; 1920, 240.

"The number of value for war purposes (including training) on the same dates were : 1922, 83; 1921, 104; 1920, 186."—*The Times,* June 16th, 1922.

A better impression of our civilian air force is given in the Half-Yearly Report of the Progress of Civil Aviation, terminating March 31st, 1922. The following figures show the approximate mileage flown for different periods :—

Period.	Internal.	Continental.
October, 1921—March, 1922	63,000	109,000
April, 1921—September, 1921	171,000	150,000
October, 1920—March, 1921	68,000	144,000
April, 1920—September, 1920	234,000	455,000
October, 1919—March, 1920	97,000	135,000
May, 1919—September, 1919	427,000	33,000

The following give the estimated number of letters posted outwards and letters received inwards for the periods named :—

	Estimated number of letters posted for—		
Period.	Paris.	Brussels.	Amsterdam.
October, 1921—March, 1922	12,900	—	1,600
April, 1921—September, 1921	30,530	3,980	8,330
October, 1920—March, 1921	32,810	18,610	7,980
April, 1920—September, 1920	21,851	8,758	15,566
10th November, 1919—March, 1920	5,360	—	—

	Estimated number of letters received from—		
	Paris.	Brussels.	Amsterdam.
October, 1921—March, 1922	9,690	—	1,400
April, 1921—September, 1921	13,991	8,705	16,000
October, 1920—March, 1921	15,210	7,920	16,200
April, 1920—September, 1920	8,863	4,210	27,465
10th November, 1919—March, 1920	4,739	—	—

Foreign: Civilian.

From the report already cited we learn that civil flying in 1921 by the Belgians totalled 177,500 miles, by the French 1,460,000 miles.

The Air Ministry state that on December 1st there were 660 machines on the Civil Register in France and their manufacturers had produced in the first eleven months of the year 3,300 aircraft, including orders for export.

As to America, in six months the Air Mails flew 1,029,050 miles, and one company alone, the Aeromarine Airways Company, had 95,000 miles to its credit for a year's work.

From these figures some idea can be secured of the relative power of the air in greater countries.

The Foundations.

The importance of air as our first line of defence was established in the war, and as early as 1919 the Ministry of Reconstruction published a pamphlet on aerial transport which summed up the matter in the following three propositions :—

1. The maintenance of an Air Force backed by a strong commercial air fleet is as vital to the safety and prosperity of the British Empire as the maintenance of a strong Navy and a strong Mercantile Marine.
2. The aircraft industry must be kept vigorous in order to respond to any possible war emergency of the future.
3. The development of civil aerial transport services will not at present be sufficient to keep the industry alive unless it receives substantial support from the State.

These propositions are incontrovertible. Let us consider their military aspect. What is meant by the " maintenance of an Air Force? " It is to be observed that, with the war lesson fresh in the mind, nobody spoke of naval and military wings. It was " an Air Force," and the most informed opinion favours continued unity. This unity was forced on us by the circumstances of the War. We learnt at last the need for an independent Air Force, which at the end of the conflict was only at the beginning of its operations. Without doubt in any future war it will play a still greater part. The very demand for what is called a home defence force proves this. For a defence force is nothing but a striking force able in case of danger to search out and destroy the enemy's centres of activity, whether aerial, naval, military, or of munitions.

Now as to the next point. Is military aviation the wide foundation we are seeking? The first proposition draws a parallel between the merchant marine and commercial flying, and it is true to say that if the British Empire is to hold its place in the world it must fly. We were compelled to become a seafaring nation because we lived on an island. Supremacy in warships followed supremacy in merchantmen. If this reasoning is correct, air supremacy for defence can only be built upon air supremacy in commerce.

But there is a wider view that may be taken, namely, that our position in a world of peace will depend to a large extent upon our success as a flying race. Aviation cannot be neglected even by the most pacific policy. A pacific

policy, moreover, may in reality prove the most formidable war policy, inasmuch as it develops our resources and our science.

We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion that what is needed is development. Development of ideas and development of output.

Development and Research.

Taking research first, let us suppose the realm of the air to be divided into those inventions which are only useful for war purposes and those in which, if the growth is ever to be natural and healthy, it must come through civilian aviation.

Military.

In this department will come the provision of guns, including gun sights—a vast field of experiment still in its infancy, ammunition comprising bombs of all kinds, whether high explosive or poison gas, armour-piercing bullets, inflammable and explosive bullets, tracer ammunition, and the like. There are also torpedoes, which may have a vital influence on the fate of the battleship as a weapon of war, depth charges, and other means of attacking submarines.

There are two other war departments which primarily concern the air and should be developed under its ægis. These are anti-aircraft defence and camouflage. Warfare in the past has been so much a matter of fighting on sea and land in two dimensions only that the aerial aspect of these forms of defence and attack has been overlooked. As to anti-aircraft defence, the surest and eventually the only means of safety is effective counter-attack in the air, preferably in the form of offensive action. Anti-aircraft guns and other devices, useful as they may be, form but a subsidiary part of the defence, and in any case come most efficiently under the control of the Air Force.

Camouflage is really in the same category. Air scouts have almost entirely replaced cavalry as the eyes of the Army. There are some forms of camouflage, such as the covering of roads and the hiding of batteries and defences from lateral view, which may be intended to delude the ground observer. But camouflage is chiefly intended to

defeat the airman, and especially the aerial photographer. It is therefore only the airman or the aerial photographer who understands and can therefore produce what is needed. For the most part efforts in the late war were negative. That is to say, they were intended to hide what existed; but there is a positive side of camouflage, namely, to represent what does not exist. In deserts where the ground presents a uniform appearance, and where the shadows give all the important data, positive camouflage may be of great value. By means of shadows produced with but slight material the appearance of camps and defences may easily be simulated.

So much for air development which is solely useful for war.

(*To be continued.*)

A Terrible Book

By Lucifer

No one who cares to know how the Treaty of Versailles came about can afford to miss the comprehensive and authoritative statements of fact contained in the two bulky volumes by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement* (Heinemann), 37s. It is by far the most impartial and sincere account of what took place, based on documents and inner knowledge, and to it future historians will turn for perspective and judgment. It bears no malice, studiously refrains from all sensationalism, undertakes nothing but the plain ungarnished truth about the politicians of the Old World on trial and in trial with the projection of the New World, which formed the basis of the armistice and of President Wilson's peace.

The book is not well planned and, as narrative, lacks the brilliance of Dr. E. J. Dillon's book, the acidity of Mr. Maynard Keynes's standard work, the vitriol of Col. Repington and of his imitators with and without dusters. The general public will thus probably pass it by. But the thinking world will read it, dare not, in fact, ignore it, for it is a revelation of European civilisation in which all the fears, greeds, vanities, cruelties, pettinesses, and stupidities of the old order clash and culminate in the inevitable conclusion that we have reached the end of a system, an epoch, and of an order.

Out of this book the figure of President Wilson emerges clearly and nobly. For the first time we learn how splendidly he fought for a world attitude as against the squalid selfishness of a spoils attitude, what terrific forces were opposed to him, how he was beaten down in detail step by step—stabbed in the stomach by the French, and eventually in the back by his own people, who for party reasons were determined to smash him.

The President is here reinstated. He failed for three

reasons. First, he had no definite written programme of peace, and so his fourteen points were knocked down one by one; secondly, he allowed himself to be induced not to use his great power, the people or publicity, thus losing his democratic argument; thirdly, he did not understand the psychology of the politicians of Europe, or the depth of the hatreds, fears, greeds, and cruelties of old Europe, or economics—on the way to Paris he blandly remarked on the boat that he was " not much interested in the economic questions." He thought the covenant would suffice to redress the world; he trusted, like an inveterate schoolmaster, to his own powers of auto-suggestion, and, almost like a child, to the spirit of honour and justice.

The next great point brought out in this book is the crucial influence of the secret Treaties. Wilson was actually ignorant of most of these on landing in France; he found himself confronted with a raging host of nations each claiming their respective spoils guaranteed by secret Treaty, from Japan who claimed Shantung, to Italy who had been bribed into the war through a series of secret Treaties, and of course all the little Balkan creations and the Jews, the Arabs, the Armenians, the Poles, and to these there was the complex of the Russian Treaties which gave Constantinople to Russia and the Rhine Province and the Rhine to France, the Sykes-Picot Treaty which divided up Turkey, our own Colonials' demands, and other supplementary Treaties of most of which the Americans had no previous knowledge.

Faced with these demands, the President found himself at bay with all. He found Marshal Foch demanding war on Russia, supported by Mr. Winston Churchill; he found Foch insisting upon France's claim to the Rhine and the Ruhr as the irreducible minimum; he found in M. Clemenceau an implacable opponent not only to the League of Nations idea, but to any idea that did not secure for France the military domination of Europe based upon the crippling of German industrial power and the break-up of Bismarckian Germany, and on the map of Europe re-arranged to shut off Germany from Russia through the creation of a militarist Poland as the satellite of France, and of the " Little Entente," thus forming an iron ring round the carcase of a disarmed Germany.

As M. Clemenceau said, France must have a military alliance, must make the Rhine her strategic frontier, must cripple Germany permanently in an economic sense; in plain words, the peace must be a condition of war permanently with the object of destroying German power and preventing her rehabilitation. From this standpoint the "Tiger" never swerved—it is to-day the exact policy being carried out forcibly by M. Poincaré. Marshal Foch went further. He wanted to sever all the Rhine Provinces from Germany—he and M. Poincaré are to-day engaged upon that task.

It was the French who refused to take off the blockade after peace; they even obstructed the American food campaign of Mr. Hoover. At last President Wilson understood. "The only real interest of France in Poland is to weaken Germany by giving Poland territory to which she has no right," he said. He ordered the *George Washington.*

The whole French policy consisted in three methods: (1) to secure sweeping control of the Rhine Province; (2) to break up the German Empire into separate States; (3) "jokers," *i.e.*, attempts to juggle with words in the Treaty so as to alter their meaning. Of this last method the most blatant was the interpolation made by M. Klotz in the clause of reparations, thereby leaving room for pensions.

When Wilson pointed out that by the terms of the Armistice the Allies had agreed to feed Germany, the French refused on the ground that all assets must be earmarked for reparations; at the same time they secretly imported food into Bavaria in order to buy Bavarian separatist tendencies: it was the French who encouraged the Hungarian Bolshevist revolution, and but for the President France would certainly have started war against Russia. The President was not the man to fight against such men, and he was badly served. Only one new big figure emerges; that of General Bliss, who fought courageously for honour. He spoke words which to-day are prophetic. "The brilliancy of the military glory which now lighted up certain of the Western Powers of Europe might in reality not be a sign of health, but only the hectic flush of disease which would eventually result

in the downfall of the strip of Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilisation along the western coast of Europe."

These words men should ponder on to-day. In this terrible book—terrible is the only word—the story of the Peace is told truthfully. Our own part in it is so pitiable one hardly likes to refer to it. We spiked the President. Mr. Lloyd George blew hot or cold, according to circumstance, thwarting the President at every turn. Lord Cunliffe, ex-manager of the Bank of England, and Lord Sumner were the men who advised Mr. Lloyd George to demand a £20,000,000,000 indemnity; only Lord Balfour interests, philosophically cynical, and General Smuts, who on the day the Treaty was presented made his public recantation.

History will speak of all these men with execration, but the lone struggle of President Wilson will go down to posterity as the white light of civilisation. His fame will grow. His battle will not have been fought in vain. He has lit a candle which will not go out, as already men are perceiving, as shortly America too will understand when France has brought Europe to the brink of ruin.

At Paris a great struggle was fought as between the old and the new idea. For the time the old triumphed. The result is patent to all. Europe is in anarchy. France is at war with Germany, carrying out the Napoleonic scheme advocated by Marshal Foch; credit is tumbling to the ground; there is no peace and can be no peace until the monstrous travesty of justice called the Versailles Treaty is cast to the winds of oblivion. A Peace, fully known to be unfulfillable, was forced upon Germany at the point of the bayonet by men oblivious to their own pledge of military honour, to all precepts of international law, to all economic sense. If we compare the language spoken by the men at Paris with those of Castlereagh and Wellington a century ago, we can only come to one conclusion. It is that either civilisation has gone back a thousand years, or that our minds were not normal at the time. And that probably is the explanation. We were war-drunk, unable to think intelligently.

The way out is clear. We must face the truth. We must lead—back to honour and to the spirit of our own history.

Our Gentlemen's Schools

By Ex-Monitor

THE suicide of a child in a school has once more focussed public opinion on our gentlemen's schools. Reputed perfect, because of the class snobbery entailed, secrecy is the unwritten law governing boys and masters. Almost the first thing a boy learns is never to tell, and so you never can tell, unless you've been there. One clear wrong in these schools to-day is the monitorial system, which saves the masters from the irksome duties of supervision. Real bullying is undoubtedly not common—boys are not roasted by other boys, as in Tom Brown's days; but the monitorial system, as now practised, is tyrannical, boys being boys, and the power vested in monitors being absolute.

It is a product of the war, due to the paucity of masters, which led more and more to control by the upper boys with full powers to use the cane. Twenty and thirty years ago, prefects caned on occasions, but not as they do to-day, and their powers were beautifully less. During four years at one of these schools I was only birched once by a prefect —for twice breaking a perfectly understood house rule; it was a dignified affair, administered in the presence of the "Head" and purely formal, at least I returned to my wooden chair and continued my "con." without appreciable inconvenience. There were exceptions. We had a punishment called "bumming," which consisted in a switching with the face of a racket brought down obliquely. This could be a very painful operation, and I well remember the after-condition of one victim, who to-day is a distinguished public official. He got it, as we should say to-day, "in the neck."

During the war our schools inevitably went to pieces. Many of the masters were crocks, "returns," fill-ups; to preserve discipline the monitorial system became the government; it vested boys with powers which are frequently abused. It survives. If parents want to suppress this evil

in our schools, they must concentrate on the monitorial system.

The growing amount of boys who run away from school is largely due to this system. I know seven boys who have run away during the last three years. Perhaps boys are more sensitive than they were (parents are undoubtedly more highly-strung, and the war has not improved mothers' nervous systems, as any doctor can report), but there it is; too many boys now run away, boys who have been quite happy in " prep." schools, and the reason is the considerable increase in roughness, ragging, and monitorial punishment as the result of war and its brutalising effects generally. The " new " boy is fair game. In some schools the new boy has to go through a regular ordeal. If he is odd or reserved, shy or sensitive, the poor little chap has a pretty bad time. One boy told me he would die rather than go back to the caddish form of ragging to which he was subjected, such as being placed on a table and made to sing while knocked down between every verse, etc. Then there is fagging.

This also has increased since the war. Here is the experience of a new boy at a big school. Twice caned—six and eight cuts; twice kicked down stairs; face slapped about five times; " toed," *i.e.*, kicked, for footer, twice—all this monitorially; the ordinary ragging he airily dismissed, and I know that he can hold his own pretty well, for his father, killed in the war, had taught him to box since a child. The bill seems to me too high. Why was he caned? (1) Because he failed to hear the prefect's call; (2) because the prefect's tea was not strong enough.

Now the boy is not a cook. Why should a sturdy, well-meaning little chap of thirteen get eight on the rump with a cane for not having stirred the teapot? Why should the big boy exercise such Prussian authority? That really is the point. No doubt many monitors are excellent, but quite a few are not. The temptations to use the cane are strong in most boys. Whacked themselves, they get it back. They inevitably have dislikes. Some boys " ask " for it. In particular the " mother's darling " is singled out for treatment. It should be clearly understood that boys are not caned by masters to-day, they are caned by boys, and, of the two, the caning of the boys is by far the more severe.

A boy friend of mine insisted that he was caned regularly once a week for two years by other boys. Reason—he was strongly individualistic, preferred music to football, anything in "stinks" to cricket, and generally jibbed at discipline. He is a big, strong lad, and once knocked down a bullying prefect. For this he received twenty-four of the best on the bare, after being thrown and held down by four other boys.

From another point of view, monitorial control is sometimes extremely evil—I refer to sex. Masters exercise far too little control, and if in a dormitory the monitors are vicious, vice becomes the sporting rule. It is difficult to write about this matter. Our monastic system leads inevitably to bad practices; in some schools the specific boys' evil becomes the rule. It all depends upon the master and the type of monitor as head. But those who imagine that the monitorial system is a preventive know little about schools and the incredible things that go on there unchecked and undiscovered.

This evil was particularly rampant during the war. In a big and excellent school that I know inside details of from two boys, monitors were ringleaders. The headmaster is a splendid schoolmaster. He never knew, never will know. Yet boys issued from his school by the dozen sexually degraded, due to the fact that the dormitories were in charge of boys under no control by masters.

The monitorial system has sound points. When the monitors are of a good type, the system answers, but monitors are frequently not examples of chivalry and justice, and to-day they exercise a wholly illegitimate power. This power has grown since the physical has regained authority in the schools, as the result of their militarisation and our frantic attempts to find a man who can wallop Dempsey and beat Tilden at lawn tennis. Games are number one, roughness is therefore deemed essential. This plays into the hands of the prefects. Their idea is to lick the cubs in. Masters acquiesce. The result is a serious depreciation of standards. The arts are taboo, except, oddly enough, music in a few schools; the æsthetic is banned, the idol is sport, and the boy with any originality goes to the wall.

Now in our modern civilisation boys are increasingly in-

dividualistic. Standardisation is repugnant to many modern boys. The drill-sergeant method as practised may be entirely suitable for 60 per cent., but to 30 per cent. it is irksome and unsuitable, and to 10 per cent. it is positively injurious. It is here that the monitorial system needs thorough overhauling. To thrash a lad whose destiny in life is art for being a bad footballer is an uncivilised act. To cane a boy systematically because he prefers to lie on his back in a field and read Shelley than to play cricket or " fives " or squash-rackets is a tyranny. For big boys to have autocratic powers to knock little boys about in the cause of a system for any reason that may suit the temper and temperament of the older youth, confers an authority that obviously is dangerous, and equally obviously must lead to abuse and even serious wrong. And it is frequently abused. Monitors cane far too much. Masters cane for specific faults, but monitors cane at their own discretion. They object to a certain " mug "—at any and every excuse they cane him. The " rebel " boy of course gets it all round. The artist boy gets it for being artistic. Any boy with any peculiarity is likely to receive the attentions of these monitors, who since the war are veritable lictors of the rod. The boy with any sex complex—and there are many such who suffer agonies in these schools—invariably falls under physical treatment. The whole idea of switching a class into a standardised block of mental inertia, unoriginality, and dull acquiescence is harmful to the race and without all doubt is one of the chief contributory causes of the patent decline of the gentry in this country.

To the stock rejoinder about Waterloo and the playing-fields, I submit the answer given me by one of our leading generals in the Great War, who was in France from the beginning. He said this: " Brave—yes, splendid, wonderful! But, God, for the most part, what fools! How unimaginative! The officers from our schools were mostly heroes, but they were ignorant, often stupid, and seemed unable to learn. School seemed to have knocked the capacity for efficiency out of them." This man ought to know. He saw these fine young men go to their deaths by the ten thousand. He said, " Their beautiful young faces haunt me still."

To sum up. We want first to knock the drill-sergeant

spirit out of the schools and bring back the " Heads " to thoughts of peace. We want a serious modification of the games tyranny, which places the physical in the position of idolistic authority. We want a more elastic system of control, teaching, and atmosphere. At once, we want a sensible reform of the monitorial prerogative.

Despite the silence of old boys and the sentimental secrecy attaching to our public schools, which to-day are only kept up on the money of those who benefited out of the war, there is too much ragging in these places, there is too little proper control by masters, there is too much kicking and thrashing by monitors, who in modern conditions have usurped the fear formerly wielded by masters. I have only touched on this question. Full chapter and book would throw half the mothers of England into hysteria. We all know the difficulties inherent in a monastic system among boys between the ages of eleven and eighteen, also what queer animals boys are. But consider. Does a monitor thrash a boy for idleness in work? He does not. Does he thrash for nasty behaviour, for " smutty " talk, for bullying, for lying? He does not.

After what we know from the war, the old story about the gentlemen's schools deceives nobody. Jack Cornwell had never been " bummed " by a prefect anyway, nor had the Australians or Canadians. I gravely question whether boys should cane other boys at all except for special and real offences. Our schools are not turning out the man the country needs. In far too many cases they are destroying individuality, originality, efficiency, and to quite a few boys they are only too often purgatories. The first reform is the monitorial system. It is perfectly simple. All that is required is for the headmaster to lay down hard and fast rules governing corporal punishment by boys, one of which certainly should be that no prefect should cane without the consent of another prefect and in the presence of another prefect. Fagging should be greatly modified—it teaches nothing and lends itself to abuse. The monitorial system really implies abnegation on the part of masters, who naturally like it. It saves them time and trouble. To-day, any monitor can thrash his fag three times a week, if he likes. As I close I receive a letter from a new boy. He writes: " Phillip has just come in blubbing after his second dose this

week, so I kicked him to make him stop." I know young Phillip and his fond mother—he is a naturalist and collects eggs; his father writes books on the Azoic and Palæozoic Ages, and probably Phillip will, too, years hence, when, as my little friend writes, he "has learnt to take his "biscuits" like a man." But is the hardship to which Phillip is doomed necessary to the making of a good Englishman? Will he think clearer, write better books, be a finer citizen for the experience? Again, I refer the inquirer to the leading general still haunted by the "beautiful faces" of the "stupid" public-school boys, whom it was so difficult to teach. The war monitorial spirit must be eradicated. It is high time the public took up the "fasces" of reform and put a stop to the indiscriminate, often wanton, and generally senseless thrashing of small boys by big boys subject to no control but their own sweet tempers, in the interest of a "governing" class which to-day is ceasing to govern either by example or brains. The point is this. If prefects caned to make a boy keen, honest, truthful, noble—well, there would be much to say for the cane. But they don't. They cane the odd, the weak, the sensitive, the swot, the thinker, the original, for fagging offences, for butter-fingers, for bad lining-out, for all kinds of petty delinquencies in connection with games or routine or tradition or breaking in, and, of course, for personal and physical reasons which have little to do with brains, character, or governing qualities.

THEATRE-CRAFT

Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

On Pantomime

By Hugo von Hofmannsthal

LET us glance at Lucian's words on this subject; they are instructive as well as entertaining.

The meaning of the title of his writing—Περὶ Ὀρχήσεως—is very well conveyed by the words *On Pantomime*, although *On the Dance* might do quite as well, since it is with the dramatic dance that Lucian is chiefly concerned; and there is no denying that even the most primitive forms of dancing are distinguished by characteristics of pantomime proper. And indeed, we may well ask ourselves, How could pantomime exist without the rhythm of actual dancing? If this were omitted, it would be as if we were at a play where the actors used their hands instead of their tongues; we should feel we were in the presence of people who had arbitrarily lost their reason, and feel consequently depressed.

But to express in an attitude, a gesture, a rhythmical repetition of movement, some state of mind, to express thereby more concisely and more directly than through the medium of words some relationship between human beings and the invisible powers—in short, to suggest some conception too elevated, too universal for utterance, this is a common phenomenon in the heroic ages, consonant with primitive conditions. In the complexity and confusion of modern times we have, as ever, the same instinctive need, unchanging and imperative. It craves expression. Fortunately, one of the oldest forms of art is ready to perform its function.

"The pious Indians," says Lucian, "are not content with saluting the rising sun after the manner of the Greeks, simply by a kiss wafted toward it by the hand; they silently greet the divinity by a series of definite gestures symbolising the course of the sun through the heavens. By means

of this pantomimic worship—which takes the place of our own prayers and sacrifices and choral singing—they seek to assure themselves of the goodwill of the god throughout the entire day. The Ethiopians go one step further and dance during battle. The Ethiopian, who draws the arrow out of his feather crown serving as a quiver, will not send it flying from the bow until after he has accompanied the act with certain rhythmical movements which symbolise to him his own strength and a desire for the death of his enemy."

It is in the ceremony that ardent religious desires are satisfied; everything is, as it were, stilled and put to rest through ceremony. Though it has become the fashion to consider all ceremony an empty meaningless formality, this ceremony at least was by no means devoid of meaning, for to these worshippers of the sun-god and these warriors it was an occasion of supreme significance, a time for the most reverent devotion, that instant before the ecstasy of combat. Out of the overflow of spiritual sensation there evolved a formal fixed mode of ceremony. With these people the simplest act might be converted into a ceremony: the shaking of a spear or buckler, the offering of a goblet; no gesture was so commonplace but that it might be transformed and made sublime in a purified and symbolic manner.

We have seen Ruth St. Denis, dressed as a handmaiden of the temple, step forth bearing a goblet filled with fire, transforming her simple movements—kneeling, walking, and the like—into something infinitely and spiritually beautiful.

Likewise with that greatest of dancers, Nijinsky, who, by means of one gesture, as of drawing water from a spring and holding it in the palm of his hand, revealed all the purity and primeval grandeur of humanity. So, too, in the ceremonies of the Sada Yakko, which were introduced into old dialogues in a language unknown to us and throughout the course of a long drama, whose very action was unintelligible.

And who can forget the moments when the greatest actress of Europe in the commonplace *Dame aux Camélias* transcended the stage on which she played and on the boards of a true stage showed us moments of genuine

tragic dancing, that had nothing whatsoever to do with the threadbare piece, but showed us glimpses of an ageless and eternal humanity?

Whatever ingenuity can be brought to bear by the dramatic poet in order to afford an opportunity for such spiritual and sensuous gifts as this (even though on occasion he may yield to exceptional talents), he must seek another medium of expression, not the drama. He may write a theatre-piece, but no drama. For the structure remains rigidly fixed, and the characters must therefore of necessity lack true individuality: that can be revealed only by means of the spoken word. But the absence of a significant spiritual action will, however, be only apparent, for art, like nature, is inexhaustible in providing endless vigour to individuals, and can in the end strike the necessary balance. If once a situation is created, giving the dancer an opportunity to embody some general human characteristic out of the abundance of his own personality, then is the art of pantomime as flexible a form of expression as the spoken drama: every turn of the head, every movement of the foot, every motion of the arm, is different from every other. This is art, which is as " infinite in infinite variations " as nature. A pure gesture is like a pure thought, free of the accidental, the limited, the grotesque. In pure free quintessential thought the personality is revealed in all its nobility and power, and is therefore not readily understood by everyone. The true personality appears only in these pure thoughts, but what we gain by this apparent renunciation of personality is amply compensated for. We see a human being moving to rhythm, in which there are infinite variations, but guided in one direction by human genius; he is like ourselves in a way, but his movements are, as it were, purified, set free of accidental limitations. What he expresses by his body is precisely what each of us desires to express when we attempt to give utterance to what is within us—only we cannot do it, hindered and held back as we are by our own limitations. But is it only the free grace of his body that we admire? Is it not rather the soul that stands revealed? Is it not the soul that here unburdens itself, only more directly, more unmistakably than by sounds? Words would call forth perhaps a more pointed sympathy, though

indeed that sympathy is in pantomime only transferred and directed toward what is more spiritualised, and expressed in more general terms. And music evokes sympathy of a more emotional nature, but music is by comparison material, it creates a sensation of desire, it is eccentric. But the sympathy aroused through movement and gesture is direct, comprehensive, joyous. The appeal of words is apparently an individual matter, though actually it is general, universal; that of the human body in motion is apparently general, but actually individual. It is not that the human body appeals to the human body, but that the whole appeals to the whole.

" It is a fact," declares Lucian, " that the pantomimic actor must be armed, as it were, from head to foot. His action must be conceived in perfect harmony and balance, complete in itself and capable of establishing its proper relationship to everything else. There must not be a single disturbing element, everything must be perfect: a beautiful idea, a complete understanding of art, and above all a fidelity to nature and mankind. If all the spectators are at one with the actor, if they recognise, as in a mirror, the complete embodiment of their conception of true rhythmical movement in the dances, then, and not before, can the actor be called successful. Such a pantomime is no less than the fulfilment of the commandment of the Delphic oracle, ' Know thyself,' and the spectators, leaving the theatre, may be assured that they have witnessed an event well worth witnessing."

Photograph by Alexander Corbett.

Sir John Martin Harvey as
Everyman in "Via Crucis."

Martin Harvey Comes to Town

By Horace Shipp

ALMOST everything we have said concerning stage-production and decoration might be reiterated in connection with Martin Harvey's production of *Via Crucis* at the Garrick Theatre. Unfortunately, in spite of many elements of genuine theatrical artistry, it must be stated in the terms of that definition of salt as " that which spoils potatoes by leaving it out," for the principles of synthesis and simplicity which would have made of *Via Crucis* an important theatrical production were a need rather than a fact. Many of us think of Martin Harvey not only as the popular idol of *The Only Way* and *The Breed of the Treshams* fame, but as an actor-manager who occasionally offers us a production such as his *Œdipus Rex* or his *Hamlet*, which lingers in the memory as something good and beautiful in the English theatre. The knowledge that he intended to present to London Hugo Hofmannsthal's version of the old Dutch morality play of *Everyman* raised our hopes. I had not then, and indeed have not yet, had the opportunity of seeing the text of Hofmannsthal's revision, but the interest aroused in its production on the Continent, and the wide reputation of the author, offered some guarantee. Moreover, the beauty of the original morality play seemed almost proof against spoliation. But it wasn't.

Whether the fault lies with Hugo Hofmannsthal, who modernised *Everyman*; with the Hon. Sybil Amherst and Dr. C. E. Wheeler, who adapted this modernisation; with Sir Aston Webb, the President of the Royal Academy, who designed the stage decoration; with Chas. Buchel and Lady Martin Harvey, who designed the costumes; with the three people who composed the music, the lady who gave " literary help," or with Sir John Martin Harvey, who had to bring order into this chaos, it is impossible to say. Reading through that serried mass of acknowledgments which fill the modern theatre programme between

the names of the cast and the threats of the Lord Chamberlain, one marvels that productions have any homogeneity whatever. Only the Super-Producer of Gordon Craig's dreams could achieve a unity from such diversity. In all probability, therefore, the *mélange* of the production at the Garrick was not anybody's responsibility. It happened because nobody realises that the principle of synthesis is one of primary importance in all art, and most of all in the art of the theatre, and it seems not to have occurred to anybody that the frankly sexual mime interpolated into Part ii. of *Via Crucis* was different in conception, in technique, and in spirit from the rest of the play. Nor that the clowning and bussing of the Fat Cousin belonged to *Chu Chin Chow* and not to *Everyman*.

When first the curtain went up there seemed every hope that we were to have a production keyed to a definite conception of the play and making use of the newer ideas and methods of stage-craft. The stage was bare, draped with curtains, and mysterious in blue light. A little to either side two tall figures in simple drapery, which fell in straight, stiff folds, remained unmoving throughout the scene. Their heads were haloed with thin circles of vivid phosphorescent green, and a shaft of light from the limes picked out the heads and shoulders. Then, high on the centre of the back curtain slowly glowed the symbol of divinity—a form of light from the centre of which radiated the lines of the Cross. The voice of the Almighty summoning Death and bidding him go to Everyman seemed plausible in this setting of mystery and symbolism, and one felt that we were in for a production of the morality which would bring out the full flavour of the play with the methods of modern theatricalism. It remained to be seen whether that Gothic atmosphere could be carried into the brighter scenes where dimmed and concentrated light was no longer possible. Alas for hope! When the inner curtain revealed the setting which Aston Webb had designed the whole conception was changed. With the arrival of the actors this change of intention to the theatrical norm was complete. Martin Harvey dominated the stage because, in his own way, he has such a complete command of his technique; but one was wishing all the time that he would reveal his ability to master a new technique of stylistic acting suitable for

such a play. One had a horrible feeling that somebody had told the designer that the best people in modern stage-craft sometimes used flights of steps upon which the action could take place, and forthwith, for no particular reason, a flight of black steps appeared. Their impressiveness was nullified by the fact that the rise of each step was patterned with gold lines. At the top, behind the platform to which they gave access, a Gothic screen with two slender pillars and a centre door completed the set. None of it had any particular significance, but so far no great harm seems to have been done. Certainly the lines could have been simplified more into keeping with the austerity and dignity of *Everyman* as we knew it, but in this setting we might still have had a harmonious production. The temptation to spectacle, however, proved too strong. Naturalistic acting in the old tradition carried on the action; and spectacle in the fashion sacred to Mr. Cochrane and *revue* production held up the action for long periods. Miss Maud Milton in the part of Everyman's Mother, moving and speaking in her restful and dignified manner, held our minds to the significance behind the play, and Michael Mackenzie's playing of Death remained true to the original conception. For the rest it was pictorial, theatrical in the bad sense of that term, and utterly destructive of the majesty of the old play. Martin Harvey's own performance was excellent of its kind, and even though one doubts the justification for so romantic a rendering of *Everyman*, it was that performance which essentially gave the production its *raison d'être*. He never was lusty and riotous, as I judge Hofmannsthal had conceived the part, but at the end he was spiritual in every action and intonation. His final enfolding in the grey-robed arms of Death was fully in keeping with the romantic tenderness with which he had invested the part.

Certainly much of the trouble lies at Hofmannsthal's door. If this adaptation may be taken as being somewhat akin to a translation, I fail to see that he has added anything to the original, whilst he assuredly has taken much away. *Everyman* is so closely knit that barely a line or a word is without its significance; in the modernised version the whole movement of the action towards its fine climax is ruined by unnecessary incidents. Half the play is taken

up with showing Everyman living his ordinary life, and, in spite of an eventual assertion by the Devil that his whole life was given up to women, wine, and villainy, we see him behaving as a rather worried and kindly plutocrat. Such a confusion of motive destroys the artistic clarity and dramatic force of the original, however much it may be regarded as gaining in subtlety and complexity. One missed, too, the hardness and sharpness of the mediæval English, wherein every word seems as keen as a sword thrust. The fact that here and there through the couplets came a piece of the old play tended to reveal the comparative poverty of this new version.

Thus in the written drama, the visualising, the production, and the acting, were missing the two elements which could make a production and performance of *Everyman* in Martin Harvey's hands a thing of memorable beauty. Simplicity was lost for a confusion of non-significant detail and uneconomic spectacle; synthesis was sacrificed in a welter of varying intentions. It is because it should have been perfect, because Martin Harvey can be so good, because Hofmannsthal is a mind in modern Continental drama, because Aston Webb as President of the most prominent British art institution should be a brilliant recruit to the invading army of artists in the theatre, that this production of *Via Crucis* demands attention and invites criticism. Here and there, indeed, the touch of genuine artistry revealed its potentiality.

When most of the plays which find their way on to the West End stage are conceived in terms of what one might be forgiven for christening ordinary-ism, and make no further demand upon the artist, the designer and costumier than good houses for clothes and furniture are accustomed to meet, it seems a thousand pities that this opportunity for showing what we can do in the English theatre should be wasted. In the same way, when most productions ask no more either as a governing conception or as individual acting than the naturalistic technique to which we are so familiar, we lament the waste of this opportunity of stylistic production and acting.

Synthesis and simplicity: until we understand the use of those two elements in a production the English theatre will fail to supply us with anything beyond naturalism.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

The New Spirit in the Public Services

By Hugh Shayler

RECENT events have probably impressed upon the mind of the nation two main tendencies in the Public Services. One, the retention, in spite of war-time changes, of that spirit of conservatism and adherence to long-established traditions which was a marked characteristic of the pre-war Civil and Local Government Services; the other, the growing tendency of public servants to organise themselves, more or less upon trade union lines, for the rectification of their more material grievances. Of the former little need be said. Of the latter much more is likely to be heard both in Parliament and in the Press during the next few months. But in spite of the traditions on the one hand, and the urgent need for the alleviation of outstanding grievances on the other, the post-war years have seen the awakening of a new spirit of inquiry within the Services themselves. It is the purpose of this article to trace briefly the developments of this new spirit, its leading manifestations, and some of the possibilities which flow from it.

It is as well to make clear that in speaking of the Public Services reference is made not only to what is commonly described as the Civil Service, that is to say the direct employees of the National Government, but also that other and larger Civil Service which is administered by the two or three thousand local authorities in whose hands so much of the government of the country now rests. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the new development is the realisation which it has brought of the community of interest and the similarity of the problems which face these two great divisions of what may perhaps best be described as the national and local Civil Services, each of which has

much to learn from the experience and history of the other. Great changes have taken place in the characteristics and organisation of the National Civil Service since the time when Anthony Trollope was admitted to the secretariat of the Post Office by an examination which consisted in copying out a leading article from a newspaper, in the course of which he mis-spelled several words and finally dropped a blot on the paper. Some fifty years ago the blight of unrestricted patronage was practically removed from the National Service, and the number of appointments now made annually under its influence could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand. In the Local Government Service, however, the absence of any generally recognised standard of qualification still leaves room for the exercise of patronage. The efforts of the National Association of Local Government Officers to remedy this by the institution of a standard examination for candidates to local appointments is a noteworthy step in the right direction, and has met with the cordial support of a number of Borough and County Councils.

The keynote of the new movement is a keen desire on the part of public servants for the increased efficiency of their work, for the realisation of the professional status of their vocation, and for the scientific study of those practical problems of administration with which they have to deal. It is not easy to say precisely to what section of the service is due the inception of the idea, as it is one which has been germinating in the minds of many of the best thinkers in the Public Service for some time. The application to the National Civil Service of the Whitley Council system afforded some ground for the hope that the educational and creative aspects of public administration would receive more adequate treatment, and in the reports of that body on further education and promotion these tendencies were revealed, and much good work has been done by the courses of lectures and study which are now in process in the various Government Departments as a result. It soon became evident, however, that the Whitley machinery, obliged as it was to deal with the more controversial matters which are sometimes known as the "bread and butter" questions, with the disagreements and deadlocks which inevitably ensued, did not provide the calm and

unimpassioned atmosphere necessary for the scientific investigation of problems arising from the conduct of public business.

Hence was brought into being the Institute of Public Administration. As remarked above, the idea was one which had long been in the minds of prominent public servants. To the Society of Civil Servants, however, one of the half-dozen federal organisations which go to form the staff side of the National Whitley Council for the Civil Service, must be given the credit of first putting down the scheme on paper. It is now some two years since this original memorandum was first circulated to the other Civil Service and Local Government staff organisations, and it is a noteworthy fact that, busy as these bodies were and still are in what may broadly be termed their trade union work of safeguarding and promoting the material interests of their members, their leaders yet found time to take an active part in the long discussions and consultations out of which the present scheme evolved. In the course of these deliberations the whole scheme was placed upon a broad and democratic basis, as is shown in the fact that the Institute is open to any employee of the National Government, of the Governments of India and of any of the British Dominions and territories, of the League of Nations, the Reparations Commission, and other International Services, and of the County, Borough, and District Councils, Boards of Guardians, and Port Authorities of the British Isles. The term "Public Services" is thus given a wider interpretation than has appeared in the constitution of any other single organisation. It will be observed, however, that it does not comprise the staffs of what are sometimes known as public utility services, such as the railway, electric, gas, and water companies. Its scope may perhaps be best summed up by saying that it includes all those who serve the community under the community's direct control.

The resultant scheme was formally adopted just over a year ago by a conference of representatives appointed by the staff organisations concerned in its development. The objects of the Institute are: the development of the Civil Service and other Public Services as a profession, and the study of all aspects of public administration in this and other countries. In pursuance of these objects a course of

eight lectures is being given throughout the winter, in which such topics as "The Sphere of the Specialist in Public Administration," "The War Cabinet Secretariat," and "Coming Changes in Local Government," are being dealt with by experts in the respective subjects. A noticeable feature of the five meetings held so far has been the keen interest displayed in the subsequent discussions, in which many, whose actual work in the Public Services does not involve the handling of major problems, have revealed a considerable depth of insight into and realisation of their difficulties. The opportunity thus afforded for bringing together upon an equal footing, and with a free exchange of ideas, those responsible for the formulation of policy and for its detailed application is likely to become more and more valuable as the members and associates, who now number close upon one thousand, get to know one another and to appreciate the comparative freedom of the council chamber as compared with the more restricted conditions of official life.

This side of the Institute's activities is, however, by no means confined to London. A similar series of lectures is being given in Edinburgh, and steps are now being taken to establish local branches in that city and in Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Belfast, Bristol, Sheffield, Nottingham, Newcastle, and other centres. It is hoped in this way to provide a common meeting ground for the local staffs of Government Departments, together with those of the municipal authorities, and thus to awaken a real sense of corporate unity amongst the various types of public servants.

An equally important, though less public, side of the Institute's work will be conducted through a series of research groups, which are being formed to investigate important problems of public administration, such as co-ordination of policy within and between departments and between central and local authorities; the sphere of the specialist, and the qualifications required; methods of financial control; the training of administrative cadets; and the recruitment and status of Civil Servants in this and other countries. All these are matters upon which reliable data and clear thinking are eminently desirable, but which have been left too much in the past to piecemeal decisions as occasions arose. It is hoped shortly to establish a link

with the universities in regard to both educational and research work.

The issue of a quarterly journal in which some of the lectures appear, together with other articles on public administration and reviews of current publications bearing upon the subject, serves to bring some of the advantages of membership to those public servants who are out of touch with London or the large provincial centres in which regular meetings are now being arranged.

As stated earlier, the Institute is open to all grades of the Public Services, any member of which can join as an associate. Full membership is at present confined to those who have performed three years' responsible work of an administrative or executive character, or have contributed to the study or development of public administration. Provision is made, however, for associates to become members on passing such examination or other tests as may from time to time be prescribed by the Council. The Council is also empowered to grant a strictly limited number of fellowships to members who have performed work of conspicuous merit in connection with public administration. These latter provisions, however, are not being put into operation pending the election in April next of the first directly elected Council.

The future of the scheme will be watched with the keenest interest by all who are concerned for the efficient administration of our ever-growing Public Services. Among its future possibilities are the interchange of information and experience with similar organisations in foreign countries, and an international conference on public administration is now being arranged to take place at Brussels next September, when the Institute hopes to be represented. Membership and associateship is being taken up wholeheartedly in all sections of the services and should do much to introduce a new *esprit de corps* based upon a common interest in the high ideal of public administration as a profession rather than upon the caste distinctions of the old days. The Public Services indeed may be said to have met the recent flow of hostile criticism by a determined effort to set their own house in order and to restore themselves by this and other means to their proper place in the esteem of the nation.

Land Bankruptcy

By John E. Grant

"Every board on civilisation is cracking. Literature, drama, art, industry, government, peace and order are all being swept away by a flood of democratic vulgarity. All public problems seem to me faced with ruin. . . . The British Empire is melting away just like the Roman in A.D. 300, and for the same causes."—(Frederic Harrison, January 2nd, 1923, in a letter to Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll.)

THESE parting words find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of those who are facing realities. The ancient Sphinx has put the fateful question to ours to-day as it did to past civilisations, the bones of which lie scattered along the pages of history. If our civilisation cannot give the correct answer, the penalty is its strangulation!

The foundations of our society have dangerously subsided. The subsidence of the edifice began imperceptibly, but it has increased so far now that no man may say that all is well. Instead of courageously facing the situation, which day by day becomes more urgent, we, the occupiers, waste precious time quarrelling with each other about symptomatic obliquities. We discuss the necessity of putting the pictures straight on the walls, and we disagree about the means to be taken to prevent furniture sliding along the inclined floor. There is room in the building for us all, but we gravitate towards one side, and it is imagined that we are suffering from over-population! Those crushed under the pressure of the more favoured members of society leaning upon them, cry out for a revolution which would put them uppermost at the end of a terrible struggle, whilst at the same time the present holders of privileged positions peevishly curse the inconvenient struggles of the "much too many" for power. It is suggested that the "redundant" population might betake itself elsewhere, but it is plain that none of these things will save the edifice of our civilisation, every board on which is cracking. To save our souls we must attend to the foundations, afford stability for civilisation, and give

the occupants natural equity. In economic freedom all benefit. It is not heaven to be leaning up against unrestful neighbours, and it is hell to be crushed by economic ruin.

During the Great War man-power was the slogan, but it is said by those who were combing out the fit then, and lamenting the small supply, that we have too much man-power now. Schemes are being set on foot to send the younger and more efficient producers overseas, leaving the crushed victims of our overcrowded towns to remain and carry a heavier burden of taxation increased to pay sea passages and subsidies for overseas settlers.

Simply employment for the unemployed will not answer the riddle of the Sphinx. In ancient Egypt the dispossessed dwellers on the Nile were given employment and built pyramids and tombs for their masters. They patiently laboured for centuries, and were provided with the necessities of life by useful producers on the soil. If they had been told that the cause of their servitude and loss of freedom was because they had been alienated from natural resources, they would have answered as scornfully as do many of the industrial workers of to-day, "What have we to do with natural resources? It is more rations we want!" The self-evident fact that they live because they are fed, clothed, and sheltered by others from raw materials taken direct from natural resources is hid from them. It does not interest them, nor do they see that they themselves must have a standing place and can only labour on materials drawn from Mother Earth. They can only think in terms of flesh pots or of money.

The civilisation of the pyramids collapsed, and in later civilisations the unemployed became the raw material of the imperialists and were increasingly used up as fodder for battlefields. "Men of Rome," said Tiberius Gracchus, "you are called the lords of the world, yet have no right to a square foot of its soil! The wild beasts have their dens, but the soldiers of Italy have only water and air!"

Our soldiers have come back from the war, but owing to the fact that the broad acres have been more narrowed than ever by the buying and selling of natural resources, and because the State, to "pay for the war," has increased its confiscation of the earnings and property of individuals by way of duties, rates and taxes, there is not room for

so many as before the war, and thus hundreds of thousands of potential producers are unemployed.

The unemployed, along with the non-producers who live by gathering toll from those who do produce, have all to be maintained by the fewer left in production. These latter have to work harder and accept less remuneration in consequence. To an unrealised extent there are vast numbers of citizens in private occupations and in Government service who really are of small benefit to the community. Our civilisation is dying like other civilisations because it is breeding more deadheads and loafers than citizens in productive industry can maintain. Just as in ancient Egypt, when the rations of the slaves were cut down towards vanishing point and the exasperated mobs brought down the social structure in anarchy, so we are in danger of exhausting the patience of unrequited wealth-producers and the dole-consuming unemployed. We employ each other, yes; but for the employment to be profitable there must be service for service, and goods for goods. When some privileged citizens get something for nothing, other citizens inevitably get nothing for something. It is a dangerous situation, and the State-aided emigration of a few thousands a year will do nothing to ease it.

Where, in any case, are our broken-spirited unemployables to go? It is proposed only to cut out the green wood and retain the sapless and unproductive population. The subsidised and inspired invitations from overseas do not deceive men who know conditions out in the colonies, which have their own unemployed. The sagacious Australians know that under present conditions the life of pastoralists and farm labourers out there is as much a life of slavery as it is in Great Britain. In the Australian continent eighty out of every hundred persons live in the city, town, or township. The promoters of the emigration ramp do not tell the dazzled seekers for a new country that the average farmer and his family in Australia are robbed right and left and are mortgaged up to the hilt. The town is preferred to the country just as much in Australia as it is here, and emigrants with agricultural knowledge from Great Britain in most cases will exchange into worse conditions overseas.

" The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth ";

let us look and see what is wrong at home. One of our statesmen, Mr. Lloyd George, said that the cause of unemployment was to be found mainly in the £20,000 millions of wealth destruction that had taken place in Europe during the Great War. Surely that should not be a cause of unemployment, rather should we expect that to replace this great wastage everyone would be so busy that not one unemployed man would be found!

The truth is to be mainly sought in the fact that all taxation is paid by industry, and the effect of increased taxation is to throw men out of work. It is a popular delusion that the non-producing rich and poor pay taxes. It may be true that some idlers pay over large sums to the Exchequer, but such tribute, along with the purchasing power left in the hands of idlers, is the fruit of the toil of others. For this tribute to Government there is no commensurate return in goods and services. A large proportion of the tribute is returned to the bond holders who lent money when other citizens gave their lives in the Great War. A large proportion is absorbed in preparations for future wars, and in wasteful adventures abroad, such as in the Near East. Instead of purchasing power remaining well distributed among the masses of the people to be spent in activities which would stimulate farming, the fisheries, building, engineering, and all beneficial industries, it finds its way into a limited number of hands to be concentrated to the detriment of the community as a whole. This concentration of wealth gives rise to speculative buying and selling of land and of stocks and shares. The home markets being starved owing to reductions by way of taxes, in wages and salaries of consumers, much capital leaves the country to create competitors abroad, who undersell the heavily taxed home producer in the already restricted home market. A vicious circle is set up, and in spite of large potential demand there is no satisfaction because the masses of the people cannot even purchase what they produce, and great unemployment is the result.

It is futile for eager politicians to call out for maximum production when it is confronted with minimum consumption. During the war, when there was a submarine menace, the cultivation of the land would not have been greatly encouraged if the purchasing power of the masses of the

people had not been high. Farmers at that time did not bemoan the " unpayability " of agriculture, but made fortunes, which have been lost since partly owing to speculation in land, but more particularly because their home market has sadly dwindled. Many people now go without, and many have to be content with inferior foreign meat, condensed milk, and stale eggs. It was the complaint of suburbanites during the war that the " lower " classes bought the best of everything. If it were in their power to buy the best of everything now, they would not purchase frozen meat, tasteless potatoes, and dried vegetables. The British farmer would smile for a while in the sunshine of a generous demand until the overlord, rate assessor, and tax collector came along to take the cream off. Then, of course, the cry would be raised again for Protection or subsidies, unless—farmers and others saw a great light! Mr. Edward G. Strutt, writing in *The Times* of February 16th last, says in discussing " Arable Farm Losses," " I have lately had before me the accounts of two farms with which I am connected for the year ended September 30th, 1922. The figures are, I think, significant. The farms are both a little over five hundred acres. One of them, highly cultivated, is about three-quarters arable, and the rest grass. The cost of labour on this farm was £2,846, and there was a further outlay of £300 for blacksmith, wheelwright, implements, etc. The other farm is entirely grass, and is used for grazing. The cost of labour on this was £155, with a further expenditure of £5 on indirect labour. On the year's working of the grass farm there was left for rent and interest £450. On the results of the arable farm nothing is shown for rent and interest, and a loss is incurred of £516."

He asks, " What are employers to do? The economic conclusion is to put the arable farm to grass, and consequently reduce the labour by some twenty-five to thirty men. If so, how and where are they to live? There is no class of man who is more essential to the country and who less deserves such an injury."

Farmers as a rule do not keep very good balance sheets, and in any case the information given here is insufficient to enable one to judge the merits of this particular case, but on the facts as given there is nothing for the farmer to do but as Mr. Strutt says, to farm niggardly.

Around such a splendid market as London is, it is simply incredible that the reason for the preponderance of grass land is to be looked for in the wages of labour or foreign competition. As regards the former, the wages of rural labour in France, Denmark, or the Channel Islands compare favourably with those paid in England, and as regards the latter the close proximity of the English farms to the towns should give an immense advantage to the home producer. It is no use reproaching the home farmer for conservative methods. His foreign brother may be commended in certain cases for enterprise, but the same enterprise lies dormant among British farmers. Were it not that we possess an antiquated system of land-tenure, and a home market impoverished by an insane rates and taxes tariff, agriculture would not require artificial stimulants. The essential agricultural labourer would not go on a fool's quest on to land 14,000 miles away, but would remain and be rejoined by his friends from the city. It is our lonely country districts that cry out for settlers and repopulation.

The farmers are not exceptional as regards future outlook. Those who advocate Protection or some form of subsidy for agriculturists at the expense of other industries appear to forget that almost every industry in the land is in a like perilous state. Customers cannot pay their accounts, and are on the verge of bankruptcy. There is no security anywhere because industry is being bled white by taxation.

None of the political parties have the real confidence of the country. There appears to be a lack of moral courage. During the war the nation made many sacrifices for liberation, but emancipation has not been secured because one more sacrifice remained to be made. We must give up childish things and face the realities of life. Our philosophy of ownership has to be revised so that no longer is the reward of labour to be appropriated by the State, and that those who take toll for the use of natural resources do so no longer, but hand it over for common use.

Who will pronounce the Secret Word, and save our civilisation from strangulation?

The *mot de l'énigme* is Land.

Old Worlds for New

By Austin Harrison

FRANCE has now thrown off the mask of the incredible swindle known as the Treaty of Versailles, recognising that the Anglo-Saxon world won't fight for it and that, as it cannot pay, further pretence is unnecessary. Reparations, she calmly assures us, are secondary; of primary importance is security. But security means power, and the line of power is the Rhine. Therefore France, for whom the white world fought as the paragon of civilisation, is entitled to her bond, which lies in depriving her historic enemy of the capacity to fight and seek revenge. The American debt can rip. The Versailles Treaty, conceived merely as a compromise, can rip, if Britain likes. France, alone of European nations armed to the teeth with a huge reserve of black conscripts to draw upon, sees in her own good sword and will to live the means to enforce her own security, seeing that Germany is disarmed and helpless, Russia is diseased, and the rest of Europe has been regrouped as her fighting satellites dependent for very existence upon obedience and military association. We return virtually to the year of the Armistice. The four years that have passed have settled nothing, but France has recovered. She feels she can safely now carry out her historic aim of breaking up Germany, seizing the Rhine, and setting up once more Napoleon's Rhenish Confederation, thus securing a throttle-hold on the coal, iron, and steel and chemical industries of Germany.

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No one need be surprised at this step, for no man in his senses could have thought the Treaty could work or was even intended to work—no man who knew the French or had ever read French history: and on the whole it is the best thing that could have happened. The entire Treaty is to-day an exposed sham derided by France, nor shall

we be able to continue the almost weird hypocrisy of invoking it. Hands will be forced all round. A new situation arises—war. What we are witnessing is another Franco-Prussian war, and those who imagine that France's action is a debt-collector's campaign are either fooling themselves or don't want to know the truth, which, none the less, will presently be inconveniently forced upon their notice.

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France's action has destroyed the Treaty because there is no longer any basis for common action. She has destroyed all chance we ever had of obtaining Reparations. She has broken the Treaty by deliberately refusing accord for isolated discord, and she reduces the Covenant, which is an integral part of the Treaty, to a futility. In a word, France considers she is strong enough to do what she pleases; she returns to Napoleon's philosophy; she flings the gauntlet of old Europe into the face of the new world. Historically, her action is without precedent. The war was not her war, it was truly a world war and won by the world. For France to arrogate to herself the right to march into the country of a defeated foe who laid down their weapons on specific terms of peace guaranteed by all the victor peoples is a defiance to civilisation. She has entered the Ruhr not as bailiff, but as military despoiler. Her object is not the collection of money, but avowed dismembership of the industrial centre of Germany in order that she may retain a hold on the jugular vein of Germany for evermore. International law is flouted. French officers strike old men in the streets with whips; officials are arrested, fined, and deported for the slightest offence; it is invasion *à la* Hun carried out against a defenceless people who have been disarmed and may not keep so much as a military aeroplane.

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Had this happened before 1914 the world would have gasped with indignation; to-day one merely wonders. It is not a brave spectacle. It is Black and Tan-ery with a vengeance. The mind reverts to the Papal soldiery who slaughtered the Troubadours in Provence in 1200. Was it for this ignoble act of revenge that we fought? Is this all that Armageddon has produced? The answer is No.

This is the breakdown of an age, that is its explanation. It is the dying flicker of a gladiatorial ambition. We may even say that this thing had to be, if only to convince a stupefied and nerve-racked world of the necessity of a new attitude. The question for Britain is now posed. What are we going to do? Three courses are open to us—complicity; withdrawal of our Army of Occupation; or wait and see. About the economic side all reasonable men in this country are at one, so that we need not bother any longer over the futile controversy of Reparations. France has blacked out that idiocy from our calculations; we have lost perhaps £1,000,000,000 from Germany *plus* any hope of recovering the £800,000,000 owing to us from France and Italy and the rest. So far so good. It is an advantage to know one's losses, to which must be added the grave injury to trade and the fact that Europe's decline must impoverish us, must stabilise our unemployed army, must prevent all hope of disarmament in Europe and compel us to maintain a very powerful Navy and Air Force in being.

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Fundamentally, the whole issue is moral, and until we return to that condition of security there can be no reconstruction, no peace, and absolutely no hope for the Old World. Left to her own mad impulse, France can no doubt finish her job, cut out the Rhine Province, squeeze Germany till she is starved out or economically forced to capitulate. What then? France may dominate Europe, but for how long? Germany and Russia will unite. Kaiserism, imperialism, implacable hatred will revive and the next war will be a certainty, all the more inasmuch as we will not again fight for France, or America, or Japan, or, it may well be, Italy. Gradually, the world would turn against this flagrant wrong committed by France, just as the world turned against Germany. As we in Britain came to realise that the war had been fought simply to restore the empire of Louis XIV. a deep reaction would set in, dividing the French and English nations, throwing us back to the days of Napoleon, forcing us into hostility from sheer economic necessity. We cannot finance on the Colonies if they cannot sell to Europe. Our imperial trade would languish, for the Empire, or buying end, would find

no European markets. To think that inactivity is the best policy is to play the ostrich. On the economic ground alone sooner or later we shall be compelled to adopt a policy.

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What ought we to do? We ought to withdraw our Army of Occupation, coupled with a public denouncement of our Treaty obligations, which actually have become meaningless. The French think they can frighten us into subservience either to withdraw and leave them a free hand, or to join up. But this latter policy I do not believe any British Government could acquiesce in. If we stay, ugly incidents will occur. If we allow France to use the railways, we shall be confronted with German strikes and various troubles which will gravely implicate the honour of our troops. We cannot act as Cossacks at the bidding of M. Poincaré and still talk about a League of Nations, as presumably Lord Grey would admit. There is no difficulty about withdrawal. It would save us much money and preserve our dignity and good name. But to withdraw and do nothing would be equally unworthy. That is what Paris wants. To withdraw honourably our action must be honourable. It will be if we dissociate ourselves from French methods, denounce our obligations, and at once, in co-operation with America, summon a council of the nations to make a just and decent peace, in which Italy would assuredly join us.

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The question is this. Are we to continue drifting downwards on old-world lines, or are we to lay the foundations of a new world spirit and association? We are free to act. We cannot indefinitely continue a poor country. We now realise that we cannot play Cæsar over one half of Europe while France plays Buonaparte over the remainder, because that policy means enormous unemployment, enormous taxes, and enormous military forces which we are not prepared to pay for. Now is our opportunity to cut away from the senseless Treaty of Versailles. It is broken in two already. France no longer has any use for it. What use is it to us now that Reparations are no longer conceivable? France is engaged in a cold-blooded act

of war after peace has been made. To discuss disarmament to-day is simply ridiculous. If, after six months or a year, France succeeds in cutting the Rhineland out of Germany, she will be military dictator of Europe. But she will not dare to disarm. Every German will dream of revenge, and rightly. Every European will work for justice. War will again be the right of Europe, and in war the issue will be sought, and again rightly. To advocate "tranquillity" in such conditions is puerile and unworthy of our traditions. The only English attitude to-day must be firm statesmanship, the over-lordship of sanity, the commanding duty of civilisation, of which we are the heirs and projectors.

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Everywhere everything is breaking down. The old systems are sagging, the old methods are threadbare, the old words are vain. A lifeless, self-seeking world, war-stricken, without faith or confidence, looks on helplessly, while all around the machine groans and creaks and no man knows what next. We are contemplating the death of an epoch. We are visualising a great transition. We are the actors in a world-cleansing drama. In this, our place is at the helm. We are slowly taking that place, as we recover poise, as we swing back into line with the considered traditions of our history, with the purpose of our civilisation, with the genius of our race. Our position is difficult, even unpleasant. All England would have followed France in any step she took, or wanted us to take, consonant with peace. European in thought, constructive in action, and had France shown the slightest intention to help Europe to recover, and re-start a sinking, palsied continent, assuredly we would have stood by her side as we did in war, as for four years after the Armistice we have sought to excuse and palliate her policy. To-day, this attitude of make-believe helps neither side. France stands for France, at the expense of Europe; for war and military ascendency, specifically for the old world of violence. Do we?—we cannot. The notion that the hideous holocaust of the Great War means merely France's ascendency, a map re-grouped for spoliation and revenge, just a continuation of war on the part of a section of Europe to keep in subjection the major part, this is the

betrayal of more than of the dead: it is to betray the living and the unborn.

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Every child born into the world in such conditions is doomed to war and poverty. All the talk about imperial markets is just eyewash if Europe is to be split into two rival militarisms such as France contemplates, for France is a declining nation and can only attempt to hold such a position on black troops, which is an offence to the white man's civilisation, and a challenge to all our professions of justice and right. An England in the teeth of such a Europe can have no peace, no prosperity, no growth. It means poverty, misery for millions, barbarism. It means that we have learnt nothing, given nothing, received nothing. Already our commitments threaten to strangle us. As in the East our credit falls, in the West our debts rise, and now we are chained to the gold standard of America. International law ceases to be. To accommodate the fear of Parisian politicians all Europe is to be pauperised, deprived of all right of recovery, to be made the catspaw of a dream, a panache, a vainglory. It is unthinkable. More, it is impossible. The whole system of credit is crumbling. The whole reason of civilisation vanishes before the bayonet point of this Gallic mediævalism. It will not be. England's duty is to see that it shall not be.

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As France gets deeper involved she will be compelled to blockade Germany, to march in further, to raise greater armies, to strike harder. I do not think the Germans will quail before the trial. On the contrary, the more brutal the oppression the stouter will grow the resistance. Germany's hour has come. Her fight is moral, and if she shows greatness in her agony she will emerge justified before the world. France is betraying the cause of the war, the cause of humanity. She cannot win. She will increase her debts, inflate, and lapse into paper finance; and even if she manages to crush the Rhineland her doom will be sealed. All this could have been stopped years ago, but we did not understand; we prated about Reparations, we had no policy. Now the real France lays herself

bare. She will not, dare not, stop. She knows there is no money in it. She thinks that England will slip out and leave the Rhine to her, as a few interested financiers on this side suggest. I trust we shall slip out, but with a reservation. Denounce the Treaty, and make our own separate Treaty of Peace, as America very properly has done. No doubt many Germans will suffer in consequence. We cannot help that. The right course is to take France at her word and free ourselves from the preposterous futility of a Treaty which condemns three-quarters of Europe to servitude. That done, we can act once more with manliness. We can make sensible treaties, settle this absurd Turkish business, withdraw from our Mesopotamian entanglements, and sound the trumpet call of reconstruction. If France must destroy the old world, let her, but England must point to a new world.

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The Ruhr question is rapidly straightening out our home politics and we are falling into fors and againsts in the good old English fashion. Liberalism has been thrown together, Conservatism has been thrown together, Labour has become the Gladstonian Party of illumination. Only the League of Nations has depreciated. Lord Robert Cecil * opened the sea-cock of the Geneva barque, plainly preferring what the French style " security," with which no doubt he will shortly be rewarded. That seems to settle that, and of course the League, as constituted, cannot be approached because France controls it, and in any case to ask a Japanese, a Chilean, a Montenegrin, a Venezuelan, a Chinaman, and a Patagonian to adjudicate upon the historic right of Germany to Germany would expose the League to the blasts of fortune, from which it might never recover. Still, we know where we are. Led by *The Daily Mirror*, Toryism has recruited Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Robert Horne; all the rest are idealists or pro-Germans, including Mr. Lloyd George, who, refreshed from Spain, performed some neat ring-work with the banderillos which " took." And he told us something that none of us knew, something highly important,

* To scuttle the League for which so much public money has been raised is surely a national responsibility.

something which makes me think that the ex-Premier's horoscope is not told yet.

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Mr. Lloyd George revealed that the indemnity, as hitherto known, was a *figure*, not a claim. He did not explain whether he meant a figure of speech; what he implied was that the famous £23,000,000,000 indemnity—which won the Coalition election in 1918; and the £11,000,000,000 indemnity—which smashed President Wilson; and the £6,000,000,000 indemnity of the London Agreement—which smashed Mr. Lloyd George himself—these were all merely figures (words or vote-catchers), not to be confounded with claims, which were official or serious things. The joke of this is that Mr. Lloyd George indignantly refused the German offer of £2,500,000,000 made in London when his figure was £6,000,000,000. Now the joke is reversed. Figure or claim, that is, joke or honest Injun, we now stand to get nothing, which fact, strangely enough, apparently delights Tory members, who cheer at the prospect of a Catholic French and Polish military ascendency, as if Cromwell had never existed and Luther was an inquisitor, and the true business of the British aristocracy was to go Ruhr and Catholic—perhaps to give the unemployed something to pray for. And very curious this Tory attitude is. It reverses all English history since Henry VIII. It means that even "bloody" Mary was wrong (about Calais). It makes Wellington, Pitt, Nelson, and Marlborough all seem fools. It implies that Waterloo was a grave wrong to Napoleon. It implies that Drake, Frobisher, Fisher, and Queen Elizabeth were Protestant knaves, rogues, and felons. In fact, Wellington was a pro-German, like the ex-Premier or Lord Leverhulme. Really excruciatingly puzzling. Has our aristocracy gone over to Rome? Does it believe that Catholic Europe should subjugate Protestant Europe? Does it think that Nurse Cavell was a Hun when she said "Patriotism is not enough"? Does it want France to dominate Europe militarily and economically? Yet such is the attitude of Conservatism. The English countryside, the land of this "happy" island, is in an unprecedented state of bankruptcy and despair, the very soil these gentlefolk hunt over; yet they can see nothing to worry about, except

possibly the ethics of the Whaddon Chase, and abroad they can see nothing but the virtues of the *preux chevaliers* (modern style) of France solemnly engaged upon wrecking Europe and reviving the very conditions which we denounced and fought against a century ago.

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To find a Cecil in this *galère* is indeed an historic bathos, which shows how abruptly our continuity has been arrested, and what children of fortune we are. Speaking for the gentlemen of England are to-day the poor of England, men who stand to lose much and all, yet face four-square and true. While the descendant of Queen Elizabeth's counsellor pleads interest and nicety, the old English honour of De Coverley rings out at Westminster from the throats of uncurled hempen men who strike the sparks of the nation's resolve. "With malice towards none," these whilom churls speak with Lincoln for the old country, relighting its enthusiasm and faith—saving us before the world. Saving us is the right term. For peace is not our question, any more than it is France's question. All Europe is concerned. Destroy one part, the whole suffers. Impoverish one section, all pay. Set up militarism here, it revives there. The peace is a test of civilisation. Nothing more or less. We delve with joy into the tomb of Tutankhamen and marvel as we pull out the wonders of 3,000 years ago—it is an object-lesson, not merely of art. It shows how empires stop, fall, cease; how there is something greater than matter, however beautiful, that thing we call spirit, which is man's faith and genius. We can find it any day enshrined on the walls of our Cathedrals; London is paved with it. And it is well to sense its living force in the sincerity of the Party who are keeping our escutcheon bright and the manifest reason of our imperialism unsullied. So the repercussion of the Ruhr integrates. We are re-finding a policy. We are moving towards the essential re-association of the nations, without which there can be no salvation for any of us.

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After all, what do we want? There must be a peace which gives peoples a sporting chance, failing which their biological right is war. But war, too, has an object. What

was the motive of the Great War? It was, we all understood, to smash the German attempt to establish a hegemony over Europe, and at a terrible price that end has been secured. Yet still there is no peace. Why? The reason is that France now claims the pre-war German right—*cadit quæstio*, the war was a farce. But was it? I do not think so. It destroyed too much to be regarded merely as a dog-fight. Its peace is destroying even more thoroughly. And that condition cannot endure. To destroy in peace is folly. Deliberately to continue crushing peoples into slavery and poverty is war, which sooner or later must end. And such is the only sane way to view the problem, whether it be reparation or preparation. True, the Germans have squared the pitch. But that was our fault. We failed to understand exchange finance; the Germans got out by the attic window, which we left open. We should have done the same. To-day it is too late to save the mark; soon it may be too late to save the franc. If the French were really minded to empty the pockets of German industrialists and then settle, we might applaud, but that we know is not the case; the entire wealth of German industrialists all told can hardly amount to £300,000,000—not sufficient to balance the French Budget of 1922. The French are welcome to it. What then? German credit is reduced to the printing press—Reparations or real claims smash. Also a new factor arises. If German industrialists can be fleeced, like the Jews of old, so can other industrialists. We come to the question of the right of individual wealth all the world over, and it is significant to find very wealthy men here advocating the pauperisation of very wealthy men there. Such a precedent would light a candle in international economics which would not go out. Perhaps we shall come to that law. If so, then M. Klotz, M. Loucheur and Co. had better look out. Why not do it here and knock a bit off the debt? Or pay America with the proceeds? Now, if France is after that she will have all the rich men in the world against her, and pretty quick too. But that is not her game. If it were, the *Daily Mail* would be for rolling her " in the mud " next week.

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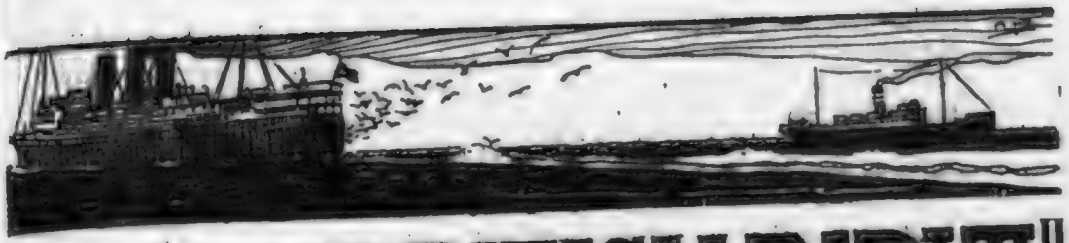
The die is cast once more for war. Our way is upward, not downward. In this REVIEW we have consistently fore-

told the inevitable result of the Treaty, which in no wise satisfied France and was bound to break down forcibly. Our motto should be, Clear out. To hang on like noodles on the Rhine will be grotesque and ignoble, unless we intend to follow the flag of Belgium in pursuit of paper glory, which presumably we do not. Tranquillity is now dangerous. The League of Nations cannot be invoked because it is France's League and she controls it, and the entire League is doomed to sterility on account of its unanimity clause. There is no need to quarrel with France or dispute with her about a principle which concerns all nations and the whole basis of international law. At stake is the future of Europe. At issue is world peace and the lives of the unborn. This is not a French mandate. The seizure in peace of the Ruhr is an act of admitted robbery, the motive of which is fear. Why are the French so afraid? Because they have no intention of establishing foundations of peace. They have no intention of permitting German recovery. They are rooted to the idea of power and old-world thought, and so they plead that what was criminal on the part of Germany is just on the part of France. They will be taught by experience, of course, yet we can teach a salutary lesson by setting the example not of inaction, but of action, which in the end will prove the safest way. If we want peace, we must have the will to peace. Now we can begin. Let us proclaim peace. Let us denounce the Treaty and walk out. Then, together with the youth and hope of all that is sane in the old Europe, let us fashion a new Europe, not of indemnities and generals' fevered fears, but of utility, co-operation, and concord; for the future is that or another world war —and our decline.



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Books.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME. (Second Series.) By ARNOLD BENNETT. Chatto and Windus.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT issues a second tome of *nugæ*, and a man clutches at it, for the author is to-day mellow, Augustan, and sails a yacht, and we also want to be interested; but the compilation hardly rises to the category of the essay, and except when he tilts at a well-known critic this is far from the Bennett who was once Tonson. He evidently enjoyed ticking off the critic. The little bit stings. It would be a lark were the "citadel" to retaliate. The rest is unequal. The stage has clearly annoyed Mr. Bennett, so he ticks off that—who hasn't? He (the Paris *Daily Mail* will yelp)—ticks off "Parsival." He ticks off Beethoven and music in favour of a music-hall artiste (the quartettes are difficult, of course); he writes sententiously about dancing, which obviously he only knows observationly, about the shops, which he prefers to a sunset, attire, girls and other

oddments pleasingly, journalistically, clearly writing down to a public. He has lost his enthusiasm: the result is a book of *potins*. Frankly, this mature Bennett disappoints—he, who was once so ardent, so anti-Philistine, so "arty"; and when we see this whilom "master" sniggering with 'Erb at the highbrow, one cannot help thinking what a fall was there, and how it is in a world so full of epic, dramatic and shattering events that so fine an intellect can find little but trifles to write about—can feel only an ample self-satisfaction. Mr. Bennett has every right to tick off critics, German music and whatsoever he pleases; but if he issues a third volume so undistinguished in quality he will tick off himself as a creative force.

THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE. By EMIL LUCKA. Unwin and Allen. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is an extraordinarily fascinating book which on the Continent has taken the place of Weminger's sensational work on women. Once more it hails from an Austrian. It is far more than a history of love. In bringing out the significance of man's attitude towards women, Lucka has written a valuable historical essay on civilisation, in particular in its relationship to the Church, which till modern times has been the vital organised force of mankind. Love, as we know it, is of course quite new. It was non-existent in pre-Christian times and is in the East still non-existent. Perhaps the chief interest provoked by Lucka lies in his contention that Love only began with the Troubadours in the twelfth century, through Mary, who till that time was merely a goddess. Man had grown weary of sex satiety. Always yearning, men sought higher satisfaction. At last the poets saw woman through the Virgin Mary. The Church fiercely opposed this "heresy," and one of the greatest massacres recorded took place in Provence in the service of the Pope, led by our Simon de Montfort of the Charter fame. Gradually theology came to see the significance of a "Queen of Heaven"—it was the first democratic publicity stunt—at last at Ephesus she took her place canonically "by the side of God." In the first Christian millenary love was thus entirely physical. The Church enchained woman. The Madonna was only an idol, woman merely a she-devil; and until the poets deified her and the Crusaders invented chivalry, love played no part except as crass eroticism. It was the poets who invented love. Dante was the great poet of love through Mary, Goethe was the creator of our modern or metaphysical love, subsequently re-created in sound by Wagner. Lucka shows how man has passed through three stages: the Dionysian, sheer lust, or impersonal; the personal, dating from Christ, or ascetic, which was anti-feminine, typified by the monks of the Church; the metaphysical or synthetic, founded by the Troubadours, which has led to our modern sentimentalism and the freedom of women. But woman herself has undergone little, if any, evolution. To her, love is harmony; she does not seem capable of the dualism of man; love is her nature, the simplicity of perfection; and in type she remains—functional, subjective, non-creative. What is the next stage? The author is doubtful. To-day, man returns to the earliest stage, to a rational gynæocracy. The question therefore is woman. Will women attain to a higher concept of love? Can they,

like man, strive ever upwards, seeking the beyond? Will love ultimately become synthetic? This is certainly an astonishing book and wholly delightful. All thinking women should read it.

FICTION.

CASANOVA'S HOMECOMING. ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Brentanos, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS *humoresque* on Casanova has a real literary flavour which the translators have faithfully re-created, thus successfully maintaining the original atmosphere. There is a Casanova boom just now, but there is nothing morbid or licentious about this attempt to depict the middle-aged rake on the threshold of that transformation which in those times generally led to intensive Catholic religiosity. As a picture of the age and morals, it is a little cameo and reads trippingly. Marcolina is, of course, an imaginative woman. The whole thing is a neat little bit of psychoanalysis.

FIERY PARTICLES. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Chatto and Windus. Price 7*s.* net.

THERE are nine tales in this new set of stories, each one of them a delightful living picture set out with easy and unconscious style and seasoned with the salt of a gay, though penetrating, philosophy. This sounds almost like a publisher's advertisement, but even in these affidavits the truth sometimes will out, and in Mr. Montague's case it would be difficult to praise too much, for he is one of a very small band of story-tellers whose manner and matter are so excellently kneaded that they become one admirably assimilable whole. He gives us the poor soldier and the gilded captain; the Irishman who has all the sorrows, all the imagination, and all the volubility of his race; comedy with depth and fun that goes deep. His story of the *embusqué* soldier men, Colin and Claude, collecting ribbons and avoiding risks, is perhaps the gem of the collection, but his Tommies run these heroes very close. There is a little tale of four special correspondents sent to report an Irish funeral, which has all the earmarks of actuality in its rather bitter fun. In short, from beginning to end these *Fiery Particles* make reading of the very best and sustain the high reputation of the author as a story-teller of the first class.

THE WATSONS. A FRAGMENT. By JANE AUSTEN. Hutchinson. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

WERE it not for that watermark (1804–5) one would have placed this interesting fragment amongst the unpublished journalia; but the immortal Jane, who wrote *Pride and Prejudice* at twenty-one, was full thirty, with masterpieces up her sleeve, when she began and abandoned *The Watsons*; so one can only attribute its lack of the subtler essences to that temporary depression which might well overtake the author of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*, swiftly turned down by Dodsley and sneered at by candid friends. One can only hope that, in the Elysian fields, the rumour of her fame may reach these superior persons and that dear Jane may see even her rejected

Watsons eagerly read for love of the imperishable savour which lingers in her third-best manner. Miss L. Oulton, who has, in this case, undertaken the difficult and thankless task of completing the story according to plan, has been brief and businesslike in her office and has kept the texture of the time well, and modestly refrained from flowers. To speak frankly, Jane was quite right in putting her manuscript away unfinished, and passing on to a better and completer mood. None of the characters have more than a suggestion of her true form, and whilst the suggested reason for the author's abandonment of her child—a too suburban and middle-class *milieu*—may have had some weight with the candid and snobbish friends, it was probably the instinctive feeling that she was below high-water mark that really decided the modest and too biddable Jane to roll up her screed and devote herself to the perfection of the better stuff she had on her hands. *The Watsons*, glad as we are to have it now, has a message of fastidiousness which many a hard-driven writer of to-day should take to heart; but then dear Jane did not live by her pen.

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. By MAY SINCLAIR. Hutchinson and Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

IN this charming story May Sinclair returns to the conventional form and spirit of the novel, of which the theme is love. The opening chapters reveal a delightful intuition into the minds of boys and girls, and the author is too old a hand ever to fall into the wearisome tricks of novelists whose only purpose is entertainment. She always writes thoughtfully and of a purpose. The result is life and the portrayal of real characters who grow from chapter to chapter into personages who have a meaning as distinct from mere figures. May Sinclair seems rather to have broken away from the mannerism that some time ago seemed to have crept upon her. On the whole, it is an advantage. This is a straight and telling book.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

CONTINENTAL STAGECRAFT. By KENNETH MACGOWAN and ROBERT EDMOND JONES. Benn Brothers. Price 25*s*.

AFTER years of advocacy of all that this book demonstrates, one is inclined to review it by quotation from Keats' Sonnet upon Chapman's Homer. Based upon the theatrical experiences of a ten weeks' visit to France, Germany, Sweden, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, it sums up the movement which in the advanced theatres of these countries has superseded realism and illusion, discussing men, methods, machines, buildings, and experiments in relation to the rediscovered art of the theatre. Mr. Macgowan generalises the new tendencies under the title of "Expressionism" (nomenclature with which we might quarrel were it not that we are too thankful for his insight and exposition to disagree about words) and then allows it to justify itself by record and profuse illustration. He describes productions such as *Masse-Mensch*, Pirchan's *Richard III.*, and *Othello*; he describes theatres and stages such as the Grosses Schauspielhaus, the Vieux Colombier, the Redoutensaal at Vienna; and alongside his pen-pictures are the drawings of Robert

Edmond Jones bearing witness to his testimony. Illuminating these facts is a conscious theory and philosophy of the theatre which enabled the authors to select, to accept, and reject among the materials which the contemporary Continental stage offered.

Because of that conception of the theatre, as well as for the "justification by works" of the new movement, one would wish to see this book in the hands of the theatre workers and critics in England. It might assist to remove that reproach upon the English theatre which causes the authors to dismiss it in one prefatory sentence. Harsh as that judgment is, the reading of this practical book upon theatrecraft will show how far from our backwater of realism and illusion run the great currents of tendency, and might give us some chance of getting back to that "function of exaltation" which the authors claim for the theatre. H. S.

A MISCELLANY OF POETRY, 1920-1922. Edited by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR. Published by J. G. Wilson. 6*s*.

THIS *Miscellany of Poetry*, published with an eye on such Elizabethan anthologies as Tottel's *Miscellany* and *England's Helicon*, appeared just after Mr. Marsh's latest "Georgian" anthology, and is at least its equal, with the added recommendation that the notes struck throughout are in general stronger and more spacious. Moreover, while it re-issues most of the poets included in Mr. Marsh's anthology, a number of equally good ones are added (making sixty-one in all), so that it does give a more or less sound impression of the variety and quality of recent English poetry—without any eye on schools or cults. None of the wrong people appear to be in it, though one is aware of about a dozen absentees who also might have been profitably granted inclusion. The list is headed by Lascelles Abercrombie, A. E., and Richard Aldington. Certainly A. E.'s contribution constitutes one of the noblest poems in the book; and readers will also be delighted to come across W. H. Davies's "Our Sussex Downs" and G. K. Chesterton's ecstatic metrical prayer beginning "Sunder me from my bones, O sword of God." The Sitwells are well represented; but, though indisputably poets, they remind one of bright-coloured, strange-voiced tropical birds rather than of linnets, thrushes, or nightingales. Nobody, however, could lay such a charge to W. R. Titterton, who charms our ears with a most musical and skilfully wrought poem called "Sea Burial." Stephen Southwold presents two characteristically passionate poems, and Muriel Stuart three. Muriel Stuart, the lyrist of Venus, a sort of modern Sappho, is, in the reviewer's opinion, our most prominent woman poet, though many readers may dispute this, and give the palm to Sylvia Lynd (included) or Violet Jacob (not included). Three other women poets who ought to have been given a place in the anthology are V. H. Friedlaender, Margaret Sackville, and Isabel Butchart. A very melodious poet of the *Sunday Express*, J. B. Morton (somewhat reminiscent of Heine), also does not put in any appearance. Two of the contributions to the collection which have given the reviewer the greatest pleasure are Arthur Thrush's "Murderer" and W. R. Childe's queer pre-Raphaelite ballad, "The Shepherd of Meriador." To that he can most sincerely add Mr. Kean

Seymour's own contribution, "Cæsar Remembers," a fine and simple poem most musically wrought; also Gerald Gould, Thomas Moult, and Richard Church. Edmund Blunden's included work does not appear to touch the summit of his highest level, though Robert Graves presents us with some of his characteristically recent good puzzle poetry.

COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. With an introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. Cecil Palmer, 21s.

THE publication in England of this volume of collected poems, acclaimed in America by the Authors' Club as the book of most enduring value to American literature published during 1921, should help our understanding of that literature. Arlington Robinson's economy of words and his direct technique, as well as his preoccupation with humanity, link him with Browning. He has, too, Browning's enthusiasm for showing us the psychic importance of "certain people of no importance," and this motive in a setting of a Middle-West American town gives him his place in the main current of the literature of that country. One has to add that he shares with the Victorian the sin of occasional obscurity through compactness, and the assumption that his reader is as intelligent as the writer.

Contenting himself with traditional verse forms and metres, his charm lies in his power to reveal the inner life of the people he presents. In the world's eyes, and often in their own, these people are failures, and not even romantic failures. "He may have been a player without a part"—that line from "The Man Against the Sky" describes so many of his characters; then with a poet's insight he uses his individual mental equipment to reveal their significance. That is the stuff of which his poetry is made, and it is a door, not only to American literature, but to American life.

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